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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1915.

Summary of the News

Lord Kitchener's interview with King Constantine of Greece took place last Saturday, but as we write we are without official word as to any agreement that may have been reached. Unofficially, the mission of Lord Kitchener and of M. Denys Cochin is thought to have had satisfactory results for the Allied Powers to the extent that Greece may consent to partial demobilization and that "benevolent neutrality" may be interpreted in terms of guarantees that Servian and Allied troops who may be compelled to retire into Greece will not be disarmed. Germany, on the other hand, according to unofficial reports to Athens, has warned Greece that if her neutrality is to be observed by Teuton and Bulgarian armies, troops of the Allies crossing into her territory must be disarmed. That the Allies, as was reported, have brought pressure to bear on the Greek Government by a declaration of a commercial blockade of the country, was denied on Tuesday by the British Foreign Office.

One result of Lord Kitchener's mission to the Near East appears to be certain: that is, that the campaign in Gallipoli is not to be abandoned. Closely following on an admission by the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords on November 18, that Gen. Monro, the new British commander in Gallipoli, had recommended the withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula, came the news of the renewal of the Allied offensive there, which resulted in the capture of Turkish positions along a front of 280 yards at Krithia. The offensive might have been explained as a covering movement for the withdrawal of troops, but that it is of an extensive nature is apparently confirmed by dispatches from Germany and by the Turkish official report of Monday's date. We may presume, then, that this is Lord Kitchener's reply to reports that the campaign was to be abandoned.

The decision of Rumania is still in the balance. Austria and Russia have both concentrated considerable forces near the Rumanian frontier. Evidence that there are serious dissensions in the country itself was contained in dispatches from Bucharest to the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* of November 19, which stated that Premier Bratiano had summoned for consultation with the King a number of Liberal Senators and Deputies.

The text of the Austrian official version of the sinking of the Ancona, duplicating that given out by the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty, was received by the State Department on November 17. Directly contradicting the Austrian version of the attack is the exceedingly clear and straightforward affidavit of Dr. Cecile L. Greil, of New York, believed to be the only native American survivor of the disaster, which was cabled to the State Department on November 18 by the American Consul at Algiers. Dr. Greil declares that "the bombardment lasted forty-five minutes and was continued after the vessel had stopped, killing and wounding many persons." So far as is known at present 139 passengers were lost on the Ancona, of whom eleven were American citizens. No official information has been vouchsafed by the State Department as to what action the Government contemplates taking to hold the Austro-Hungarian Government to a "strict accountability" for the murder of American citizens. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date indicate that Secretary Lansing and Count von Bernstorff are still discussing the Lusitania.

Submarines have not been particularly active during the past week. The Italian liner Verona reported by wireless on Saturday that she was being chased by a submarine in the Mediterranean, but she escaped. With Belgian relief ships German submarines have had better luck. Confirmation was received by the State Department on November 20 that the Norwegian steamer Uriken, carrying wheat for the Belgian Relief Committee, was torpedoed without warning on November 17. Four lives were lost, and it is understood that the State Department has instituted inquiries to ascertain if any of these were Americans. One American citizen on board was saved. According to a statement made by him, another Belgian relief ship, the Greek steamer Otamas, was torpedoed at the same time as the Uriken, but did not sink. Two British ships were reported sunk in the war zone in dispatches on Monday. It is perhaps recalling old, unhappy, far-off things to note the official announcement made by the British Embassy in Washington on November 19, based on an affidavit by the commander of the Hesperian, which pretends to supply the evidence lacking that the piece of metal shown by experts to be the fragment of a torpedo was actually picked up on the Hesperian's deck.

The position of the Allied forces in Servia remains critical. Virtually the whole of Old Servia is in the possession of the invaders, and the Teutonic forces and the Bulgarians report the capture of considerable numbers of prisoners. The situation was somewhat improved, according to reports on Monday, by a Servian victory over the Bulgarians at Leskovac, on the Nish-Salonica railway, which has relieved the pressure on that part of the line and has also held up the Bulgarian advance on Monastir. On the Russian front the situation remains virtually unchanged. In the west a heavy bombardment of the German trenches by the Allies has been taken as a sign that a new offensive may be expected.

Washington is reticent concerning the investigation by Federal authorities into Teutonic conspiracies conducted in this country, but the mass of evidence continues to pile up in such proportions that it is impossible even to summarize it. Federal laws are apparently inadequate to deal with the conspiracies, and it is understood that the co-operation of the States has been invited by the Federal authorities. On Monday the trial began of Dr. Karl Buenz, director of the Hamburg-American Line and formerly German Consul-General in New York, and others on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States by procuring false manifests and clearance papers under which, early in the war, steamers left New York, ostensibly bound for neutral ports, but really to carry supplies to German ships of war.

German statements that British hospital ships were being used for the transport of troops and munitions to the Dardanelles received explicit denial by the British Admiralty on Monday.

Reports circulated from German sources regarding serious disorders in India were denied last week in the House of Commons by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, and by a formal announcement issued by the India Office.

The first meeting of the joint Anglo-French war council was held in Paris on November 17. Those who took part were: Premier Asquith, A. J. Balfour, David Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Premier Briand, Gen. Galliéni, Admiral Lacaze, and Gen. Joffre.

According to dispatches from Washington of November 19, the State Department is engaged in the preparation of notes regarding contraband which will be sent impartially to all the belligerent Powers.

Associate Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court, on November 18, wrote to the Secretary of State of Nebraska declining the nomination to the Presidency put forward there by petition and formally requesting that his name be kept off the primary ballot.

A curious incident occurred last week in connection with the execution of Hillstrom, the I. W. W. man convicted of murder at Salt Lake City, who had already received one respite on account of the intervention of the President. On November 17 President Wilson addressed a second plea for a reconsideration of the case to Gov. Spry of Utah, without, however, stating any reason for his action. Gov. Spry declined to grant the President's request, and the sentence was carried out on Friday of last week.

News came from Washington on November 19 that efforts are being made to induce China to ally herself with the Powers of the Entente, the object of the negotiations being, it is stated, to put a stop to certain German activities in the Orient. Specifically, the fomenting of an anti-Russian movement in Manchuria and the forwarding of arms to India are mentioned as instances.

Three documents bearing on the war came from Berlin last week. The German Foreign Office has published a collection of diplomatic correspondence unearthed at Brussels in August, 1914, which the official editor declares reveals the intrigues of England against Germany during the nine years preceding the war. In the *Lokal-Anzeiger* has appeared what purport to be the instructions of the British Admiralty to masters of merchantmen in regard to the use of neutral flags and methods to be employed in escaping submarines. In Sunday's papers was published Ambassador Gerard's highly unfavorable report concerning the condition of British prisoners of war in the camp at Wittenberg, Prussia.

The Week

As the session of Congress approaches, the question of ways and means is bound to loom into greater and greater prominence. And whenever the project of increased preparation for war takes anything like definite shape, the problem of the wherewithal will of necessity become insistent. Some time ago, the notion that the Administration might favor a jacking-up of the tariff was put forward, without any particular authority, and possibly only as a feeler; but it soon appeared that there was little reason to expect anything of the kind, except as to retaining the present duties on sugar, instead of carrying out the programme of the Underwood act calling for their gradual extinction. This is manifestly desirable from the standpoint of revenue, and is open to but the minimum of objection from any other; but to "monkey" with the wool schedule, or any similar one, would be to put all the fat into the fire, and that with very little assurance of results at all worth while in the shape of revenue. Accordingly, attention is beginning to be markedly directed to the possibilities of increase in the income tax, and also to the question of an inheritance tax.

In relation to the income tax, some tentative schemes have been set forth, and are more or less discussed. The chief question, in case it should be increased, is whether that increase should take the shape of a lower exemption or a higher rate, or both. Naturally enough, increase in rates offers the greatest temptation, both from the fiscal and from the political standpoint. It is easy to decree, and it is easy to execute; the 350,000 or 400,000 persons subject to the tax are already there—they are birds in the hand, and good fat ones at that. An increase in the "normal rate" to 1½ per cent. in place of 1 per cent., the beginning of the surtax at $10,000 instead of $20,000, and the increase of surtax rates so as to run to a maximum of 9 per cent. instead of 6 per cent. as at present, would obviously mean an increase of many millions in the revenue. On the other hand, it is said to have been estimated at the Treasury Department that a lowering of the exemption limit to $2,000 for unmarried and $3,000 for married men (in place of $3,000 and $4,000) would, if the rates remained as at present, yield only $5,000,000 of added revenue. Of this, it is to be noted, about $3,500,000 would be got from persons already on the lists. Still, the principle of a lower exemption is a sound one; but the question is whether any party would be willing to enact it on the eve of a Presidential campaign.

The defence of the Greek Government's policy by M. Rhallis, a veteran statesman and a member of the present Cabinet, contains one argument of some apparent force. M. Rhallis complains that Great Britain, after inexcusable delay in sending troops to the Balkans, would now have the Greek army save a situation precipitated by her own neglect. "Now, when you have only a few thousand troops to help us, you want to force us to step in and die." The other side of the argument consists in the fact that Great Britain's inaction was largely based upon the expectation that Greece would live up to its treaty obligations with regard to Servia, and its promises, through the mouth of its most influential statesman, with regard to the Allies. The Teuton-Bulgar attack upon Servia brought about 400,000 men into the field against that nation. Servia has just half the number of men. Had Greece entered the war with Servia in compliance with its treaty, the disparity in numbers would have been almost entirely redressed; especially as Bulgaria, under the circumstances, would have been obliged to detach large forces for the purpose of watching Rumania. The overwhelming of Servia would have moved forward at no such pace as has occurred, and the Allied aid thrown forward from Salonica would have seemed less inadequate than it does now, when operations must be carried on with a rush in order to save a remnant of Servian territory and the Serb forces. Neither would there have been the fears and hesitancies aroused by the present Greek attitude, a factor which has certainly operated to delay the development of the Allied movement from Salonica.

The testimony of Dr. Cecile L. Greil, of New York, in her affidavit of which a summary account has been sent to the State Department by the United States Consul at Algiers, is in itself fairly convincing evidence of the falsehood of the Austrian statement as to what happened. The very fact that Dr. Greil's deposition is, as the Consul says, "not conclusive as to whether any effort was made to escape by the Ancona" makes what she does say in conclusive fashion the more trustworthy. Being in the dining-saloon when she first became aware of the danger, she was not in a position to state of her own knowledge what happened at the beginning of the shelling of the ship. But when she says that the bombardment continued after the vessel had stopped, killing and wounding many persons, she states what she had an opportunity to observe, and what there is every reason to believe she reports truthfully. So much for the mere question of credibility; but the inherent probabilities of the case serve immeasurably to reinforce what this trustworthy witness asserts. To suppose that the captain persisted in trying to escape when subjected to that murderous fire, when in charge of hundreds of non-combatants—men, women, and children—and when in pursuit of no errand connected with the war, is to suppose what is without any known precedent, and is contrary to the ordinary operation of human nature.

The latest advices from Washington put the facts concerning the Zealandia case as follows:

Reports both from American naval officers on the battleship Kentucky, which was sent to Progreso to investigate, and from the American Consul at that port, say that the officers from a British cruiser searched the Zealandia at a point which was 2.66 miles from shore. The reports to the British Embassy from the officer of the British cruiser said the search was made 3.25 miles from shore.

The question of whether the Zealandia was or was not within the three-mile limit thus reduces itself to a matter of pretty close measurement. Nevertheless, if in point of fact the British commander transgressed the limit—whether through an honest mistake or otherwise—our State Department will be right in holding the British Government responsible for the offence. But it is not without instructiveness to contrast the issue involved in such a case as this with the kind of issue which has been involved throughout our controversy with Germany, and is involved again in the matter of the Austrian submarine that sank the Ancona. What must always be borne in mind—and this is true even of the British contentions in the matter of blockade and contraband, however wrong they may be—is that Great Britain's offences, however serious, lie in a domain in which definition is difficult, in which the stretching of precedents, the remaking of rules, has always been going on, while the German pretension of a right to kill non-combatants on merchant ships is in flat violation of a principle of international right which has been held inviolable for generations, and the abandonment of which would be a betrayal of the cause of humanity itself.

The Armenian massacres, which, when

news of them first came, were dismissed by Ambassador von Bernstorff—if correctly reported—as "pure inventions," very soon reached the stage of merely "gross exaggerations," but in only too short a time after that were shown to be horrible beyond exaggeration. Then began the business of justifying what could not be denied. We do not refer to the attitude of Reventlow, but to the alleged provocation given by the victims in rebelling against the Turks. Of the falseness of this excuse there have been many declarations from sources entitled to credence; but a statement more authoritative than any we had seen before is contained in a letter to the New York *Tribune* by Dr. C. D. Ussher, chief of staff of the American Red Cross Hospital at Van, Turkey. In the most circumstantial detail he presents the facts, as they came to his personal knowledge.

Dr. Ussher's account of what actually happened to the Armenians, and how they came at last to make such resistance as they could to wholesale massacre, is concise, but harrowing. "From the beginning of the mobilization," he says, "it was made perfectly evident that it was the determination of the Government to ruin the non-Moslems." Some of the ways in which the purpose of the Turks was shown are thus set down:

> Both in the army and out of it many Armenians were shot down, and payment of "badal," or exemption money, was no protection. . . . Turkish officers took Armenians out of the ranks, on the march, tied them to telegraph poles and shot them, with no better excuse than the accusation that they wanted to desert. Self-respecting and faithful Armenians in the army were disarmed and made the slaves of Turkish soldiers.

That these atrocities resulted in many desertions of Armenians, Dr. Ussher admits; but, he says, "in spite of all this and a thousand times more, of which I must not write, the Armenians did not rebel," and only "when it was evident that a general massacre was on did the Armenians begin to resist." The story of the particular massacre the news of which led to the heroic defence undertaken by the Armenians in Van, and maintained throughout a siege of twenty-eight days, is thus narrated by Dr. Ussher:

> The Kaimakam of Arjesh, trusted by the Armenians, called the men to the government building and, marching them out under guard in companies of fifty, shot down two thousand five hundred, regardless of their having paid their "badal" and contributed in many ways to the Government.

But of course it is open to the Kaimakam of Arjesh to plead that he shot down these 2,500 villagers in self-defence, since he had trustworthy information that they had made a secret agreement with England to attack the Turkish army with scythes and pitchforks, the moment its back was turned.

The President has been universally commended for his prompt and sensible action in the case of the Illinois postmaster, dismissed for alleged criticism of him. He has had the man put back. Hereafter, no fussy or super-serviceable superior will undertake to remove a postal employee for private remarks supposed to reflect upon the President. As Mr. Tumulty said to the correspondents, when announcing the President's decision: "This is a free country." We know no *Majestätsbeleidigung*. In putting his foot upon this attempt to establish it, the President has shown both a proper sense of official dignity—so high that it cannot be touched by mere gossip—and a due regard for the rights of men working for the Government. He will not have the Post Office made an instrument of personal punishment. We can but hope that Mr. Wilson will display an equal justice and a like indignation against prostituting the postal service when it comes to a question of removing the Postmaster of New York, purely for political reasons. The thing which the President has to bear in mind is the public good. If that forbids the dismissing of a postmaster in Illinois for having said something derogatory to Mr. Wilson, it even more strongly forbids the displacement of a man like Mr. Morgan at the behest of politicians.

Mr. Root has told his Minnesota friends, who are urging him for the Presidency, that he is not seeking the nomination, and does not expect it to come to him. But he added, in words vouched for by Mr. Carroll, of Minneapolis: "Of course, if the nomination were offered to me, I should feel it my duty to accept, even if it killed me." This is a perfectly dignified and correct position. The only doubt left is whether so keen and crystal-clear a mind as Mr. Root's can cherish any illusions about what is most probable in the immediate political future. We ourselves do not think so. No man is wise enough to read the book of fate in advance, especially to be sure that he knows every line of the chapter of accidents in that volume. But on the assumption that we must "fend miracles," nothing seems more certain than that Mr. Root will not be the Republican candidate in 1916. Of this, we believe, nobody is more thoroughly convinced than himself. When he retired from the Senate and spoke of his office-holding career as closed, he was, we do not question, entirely sincere. If he is not equally so now in expressing the belief that the Presidency will not come his way, then his intellect, so remarkable in power of analysis, must be a little less accurate an instrument than we had thought in self-analysis.

If the chances of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks for the Republican nomination for President are as good as the logic of his sponsor, ex-Gov. Durbin, of Indiana, it is all over but the shouting. "Personally," President Wilson is unobjectionable, but there is great dissatisfaction with "business conditions brought about by the Administration." The interview should have ended here, but the ex-Governor was anxious to prove the case up to the hilt, and so he added this crushing statement: "It is true that general business has started up again, but that is not due to the Administration, but is in spite of it." This shows the country the utter incapacity of the Democrats to manage things at Washington. They are not able to keep prosperity away, but it breaks in upon us despite all their efforts to discourage it! Once they were more capable, and with a man in the White House and a majority at both ends of the Capitol, they could put up a barrier against good times overnight. The only trouble with Mr. Durbin's logic is that unthinking people will be apt to forget the nice distinction that prosperity under a Republican Administration is to be credited to the Administration, while under a Democratic Administration it is but one more count against the party in power.

Among happy thoughts for producing full-grown a dye industry in America has been that embodied in the so-called Paige amendment to the patent laws. Its purpose is "to compel the working of patents" issued upon the extraction of chemical dyes by special processes—to see that this class of patent-protected goods, as made chiefly in Germany, is also made in the United States by the holders of United States patents, regardless of nationality. The experience of nations is that this "compulsory working" has never been successful. It encourages dumping rather than home production, and has usually led to treaties abrogating the original legislation. An attempt to enforce it in this country in 1832 was given up in 1836. But at the recent meeting of the American Chemical Society in Rochester the weighty arguments against it in the case of the dye industry were well pre-

sented. The contention that German primacy is due to a compulsory working clause in her patent laws was easily demolished. In 1856 the French and British coal-tar dye industries were started; in 1859 the Swiss; in 1860 the German, and in 1866 the American. In 1874 Germany was making 90 per cent. of the world's coal-tar dyes, and her compulsory working clause was not enacted till 1877. In 1896 the Swiss coal-tar dye product was equal to that of France and England combined, and the Swiss clause was not enacted till 1907. The clauses have obviously had no influence in determining the seat of the industry; and it is asserted that European countries are only waiting for an opportunity to coöperate in repealing them. Further, Germany holds American patents for much less than half of those marketed dyes which she originated. And a great objection to the Paige bill is that it would provoke retaliatory legislation in chemical lines in which we are foremost.

Another verdict attesting the promise of surer justice to the negro in our courts comes from Colleton County, South Carolina. Some months ago a negro, falling in with two white men the worse for liquor, was threatened by one of them, and when he attempted to flee was shot. Last week the county jury, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found the assailant guilty of murder. This verdict is the first of its kind in the community since the war, yet the unanimous decision of the jurors has been warmly applauded, as has that part of the judge's charge in which he denounced the superstition that the presence of the negroes in the South justifies the carrying of concealed weapons. "It is not true," Judge Thomas, of Alabama, has observed, "that the negro fails to get justice before the courts in the trial of the specific indictment against him, but too often it is that the white man escapes it."

It is a cold day when one of our States refuses to profit by Uncle Sam's munificence, as the nation-wide response to the Smith-Lever act is just showing. That act provides that, in amounts increasing year by year, the Federal Government shall give one of its dollars for every dollar appropriated by the States to promote instruction in agriculture. An initial appropriation of $480,000 became available last July, it is increased by $600,000 for the fiscal year 1915, and by 1922, when the act "matures," there will be a continuing Federal appropriation of nearly $9,000,000 annually for agricultural extension. It was feared last year that the cooperative scheme might fail because of indifference on the part of the States. Yet, as shown by the national convention on farm marketing in St. Louis, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, every State has responded. The net result is that there are now over 1,100 county agricultural agents at work in as many counties or groups of counties, teaching the best methods of stock breeding, conservation of soil, and rotation and disposal of crops. In the Middle West such "county advisers" had already proved their worth, coöperative farmers' and business organizations paying some as high as $4,000 a year. The new arrangement makes possible their introduction into even the poorest sections of the South.

If the National Institute of Arts and Letters was to award a gold medal for distinguished service to American letters, there could be no question that its recipient would be the man on whom that honor was bestowed last Friday. There might, indeed, be those who would favor Henry James; but, aside from the circumstance of Mr. James's recent adoption of British nationality, there could not, at any time, have been in his case anything like the unanimity which marks the recognition of Mr. Howells's deserving. There is, essentially, between the two, somewhat the same kind of difference as that which, in medicine, distinguishes the great general practitioner from the eminent specialist. In Mr. Howells, we have the qualities of grace, and sympathy, and winning humor, and all-round comprehension, as well as—at his best—the art of the true story-teller; and the man that one sees in the books, like the man as he is known in the flesh, is as much loved as the author. The occasion was worthily marked by Brand Whitlock's address, which touched with understanding and insight many a phase of the perennial questions of literary art, and especially those which pertain to our American aspirations in the domain of letters. Mr. Whitlock's reference to the long-cherished vision of the Great American Novel will revive memories half-amusing, half-pathetic. He does not claim for Mr. Howells the actual achievement of that somewhat indefinite dream; and if we cannot accept his view that its non-fulfilment is due to the vastness and complexity of our strange new country, it is perhaps as good as any explanation that can be given of a thing that neither admits of explanation nor requires it.

As a well-wisher of the *Unpopular Review*, the *Nation* is glad to call the attention of its readers to the current issue of this distinguished quarterly, which is admirable alike in variety and in quality. If to be unpopular means, as Mr. Holt appears to apprehend it, to subject topics of the day to reason, and not merely to ventilate them or to clamor over them, then unpopularity should be our refuge and strength in this time of trouble. The present number contains articles on such pressing matters as the war, prohibition, equal suffrage, vocational guidance, the psychology of advertising, and the minimum wage, not to exhaust the list, and though they will not all command general assent even among thoughtful people, they do at least show reasonableness and, what is equally to be desired just now, a philosophic breadth of treatment. Perhaps it is not too early in the life of the *Unpopular* to predict that Mr. Holt, by this venture, will have done much to reinvest the American essay with some of the characteristics which once made it a vehicle of both charm and power. His avowed distrust, at the outset, of minds that placed their main reliance upon a process of "counting noses" was a guarantee that truth would be served by his journal, and that ideas would take on the full implications which they should have.

The tributes to Dr. Schechter which the press has collected from a number of representative Americans testify to the place that was gained in American life, after a residence of little over a decade, by a Hebrew scholar whose chief interests lay in fields that can concern but few. His catholic tastes, his warm sympathy for American ideals, and the vitality with which he caused his personal influence to be transmitted by the various agencies of American Judaism, made him far more than a sectarian figure. Yet the notices of his death have properly emphasized his scholarship, with some sense of the profundity of the erudition required to give him first place among the English-speaking scholars of his race. About the discoveries he made at the University of Cambridge among the Genizah manuscripts there was fortunately something of that dramatic quality which so often illuminates outwardly dry research. To find the Jewish originals of Biblical writings known only in the Greek, to bring to light an entire kingdom lost to history, were achievements to give new vitality to popular conceptions of Jewish literature and Jewish history.

LET US HAVE THE TRUTH.

"I have been in favor of a reasonable programme of preparedness, especially with reference to a reasonable enlargement of the navy; but I begin to believe that we are losing our heads over the subject. I am certainly opposed to a large standing army." This is the word that comes to us from one of the leading Republican Senators. We heartily agree with him. The country is losing its balance, and is in danger of being swept away by an unreasoning fear of the Germans, which must rejoice the hearts of the militarists in Berlin. The public in the East appears no longer able to distinguish between fact and rumor, between what is possible and impossible, credible and incredible—a state of mind intensified by the President's and Mr. Daniels's reversal of their position of a year ago without giving a single valid reason why we are not even to await the outcome of the European war. More than that, there is such a multitude of experts and counsellors that people do not know what to believe as to matters of fact about which there should be no question.

Take the case of the navy. Until the present wave of fear swept over the country, it had always borne a good reputation. Its exploits in 1898 were remembered, its personnel was well thought of, its ships, if not always up to the British standard, ranked high none the less, and it was generally considered a source of pride to the nation. Suddenly we are told by many that it is of no value at all, and sensational writers on every hand demolish the fleet daily. To-day it is Henry Reuterdahl who dismisses our enormously costly armada with the statement that "it has been demonstrated and proved beyond argument [in the pages of the magazine he writes for] that the American navy is not strong enough to maintain the command of the sea and uphold the Monroe Doctrine," after which the American fleet is "swept off the sea"—by him as by so many others who are asking for the introduction of Prussian militarism, under the cover of another name, in America. But at the very moment at which we have such shrill, almost hysterical, outbursts as this, we have much testimony on the other side. Congressman Kitchin, for instance, reiterates in the convincing statement of his position that our navy is the best and largest in the world save that of England, and that we have nothing to fear from Germany or Japan.

Mr. Kitchin himself challenges anybody to dispute his statement of facts. He has served for years on the House Naval Affairs Committee, voting each year for a considerable increase, and knows the navy from top to bottom. But he is not content to rest the case upon his own opinion, knowing that it will be challenged as a layman's. Hence he quotes the statements of three of our highest naval officers—Admiral Fletcher, now in command of the Atlantic fleet; Admiral Winterhalter, commanding the Asiatic fleet, and Rear-Admiral Badger, a former commander of the Atlantic fleet—all of whom testified before the House Committee on Naval Affairs last winter (1915) that our fleet was superior to that of Germany. Surely, the testimony of such experts on this question of fact ought to be accepted, if any expert opinion is convincing. Secretary Daniels said that he would rather have Admiral Fletcher's opinion than that of any living man. More than that, Mr. Kitchin makes a very serious charge against the Year-Book issued by our Navy Department, that it deliberately falsifies as to the German navy, carrying in one place, as afloat, two vessels sunk by the British; in another ranking four pre-Dreadnoughts as Dreadnoughts, though Jane, the English naval authority, ranks them correctly, and also adds that they are "defective, unsuccessful ships," topheavy because of over-armament. Finally, Mr. Kitchin asserts that the last five Dreadnoughts authorized by Congress are superior to the last *six* Dreadnoughts laid down in Germany.

Now, in this confusion of counsel, is it not highly desirable that some means should be found of establishing the facts, as regards both the army and the navy, before we embark on any new programme? Sensible people and sensible nations ought to legislate on a matter so vital and so far-reaching only in cold blood and upon exact information. And so Congressman Bailey, of Pennsylvania, has offered the suggestion that there be an immediate Congressional inquiry into the actual status of both the navy and army before a programme is entered upon which involves two billions of dollars' outlay in the next five years. Shall we vote first and inquire afterwards, and make ourselves a laughing-stock, or shall we act like reasonable persons? The country ought surely to know if its navy is as worthless as so many think it.

We do not believe that the President knows, because he, too, must receive highly conflicting evidence—there are doubtless naval officers who disagree with the three high Admirals quoted by Mr. Kitchin. But it ought to be possible to establish where the preponderance of evidence lies. With that determined, the question what policy the country should pursue, and whether it should make any radical change in the size of the army and navy before the world-war is over, would be in order, as it is not now. We need to calm down and consider, to refute the statements of Mr. Kitchin if they are false, before we take any hasty step whatever under the lead of Mr. Wilson or of any one else.

THE FINE ART OF GARBLING.

We had last week another publication in this country by the German Foreign Office, designed to correct American opinion about the origin of the war. It consists of dispatches of Belgian Ministers in Berlin and London and Paris, during the years 1905-1914. They were captured by the Germans in the archives of the Belgian Ministry for Foreign Affairs at Brussels. Large extracts from them have before been given out by the German authorities. Now they are printed in full, the French originals being accompanied by an English translation—the latter not always happy.

The documents themselves are interesting, and have a certain evidential value. This is obviously, however, at second or third hand. None of these Belgian representatives was directly concerned in the negotiations to which they refer. They reported the diplomatic gossip, and gave their personal opinions. These have, undeniably, a good deal of weight. But they are not conclusive. The best proof that they are not is that they lean, now to the side of the German contention, now against it. And here comes in the most significant part of this German publication. It begins with a long "Introduction" in which are massed what the German Foreign Office considers the new proofs that the war was a "monstrous crime," long plotted against Germany by England, France, and Russia, and culminating in a wicked attack against which she was compelled to defend herself. But the strange thing is that this Introduction seems to take it for granted that no one will read the subjoined documents; for it sometimes garbles them, often makes a strained use of them, and leaves out every scrap of them that makes against the German view.

One extract, for example, the Introduction considers so important that it prints it in capital letters. It is from a dispatch sent from Berlin on April 24, 1914, by the Belgian Minister, Baron Beyens, apropos of the visit of the King and Queen of England to Paris. This raised the question whether

England would be inclined, "as three years ago, to range itself by the side of France in the case of a conflict of the latter with Germany." Baron Beyens asked—and this is the deadly matter of the German capital letters:

> Would it be the same to-day, and *should we still have to fear* THE ENTRY OF BRITISH SOLDIERS INTO BELGIUM IN ORDER TO HELP US DEFEND OUR NEUTRALITY BY FIRST COMPROMISING IT?

Now, will it be believed that the Belgian Minister immediately answered his own question, and that the Introduction entirely omits what directly follows in the dispatch? What Baron Beyens wrote was as follows:

> *If the question is examined from the German point of view alone—the only one which I can consider—a negative answer is not doubtful. To an observer living at Berlin it seems that the ties of the entente cordiale have loosened somewhat, that the point of that weapon of defence is no longer exclusively directed at Germany, as it was at the time of King Edward, and that the Triple Entente has rather become a concert than a union of Powers acting together in certain questions which are determined by considerations of common interest.*

If Germany appeals to the Belgian Cæsar, to Cæsar must she go. A Minister whose dispatch is good enough to prove the infamous conspiracy against Germany, must be good enough to disprove it. Here we have him, only in April of last year, affirming that the Triple Entente was a "weapon of *defence*"—not of attack, mind you—and that it was not "exclusively directed at Germany."

These Belgian documents undoubtedly throw some indirect light upon the long negotiations leading to the formation of the Triple Entente. The facts have long been known. At no time during the past five years has it been questioned that France and England and Russia were drawing together. And their chief motive was admittedly to place themselves in a position where they could make head against Germany. This aim they always represented as purely defensive. Germany has chosen to picture it as deliberately offensive. But to assert this is to ignore the fact that England in 1912 offered to make a treaty with Germany binding Great Britain never to take part in an aggressive war upon her. It is also to forget that, in July of 1914, Sir Edward Grey urged the Kaiser to call an international conference, where and when he pleased, in order to settle the dispute between Austria and Servia without war. Such a proposal would have been impossible if the theory of this Introduction were correct—namely, that England, out of jealousy and hate of Germany, had for years been scheming to attack her, and jumped at the opportunity offered by the Austro-Servian imbroglio in July of last year.

It would take too much space to cite from these Belgian dispatches all the passages which fly in the face of what is affirmed in the Introduction. For instance, it declares roundly that the French military law of three years' service was a provocative measure looking directly to war. Nowhere is it hinted that the measure was in response to what Germany had first done. But note these extracts from the very Belgian Ministers whom the German Foreign Office summons as witnesses:

> The German press showed astonishment at the military measures which the French Government was going to take in answer to the increase of the forces of the Empire.
>
> The French Government in declaring its readiness to impose the three years' conscription has adopted the only attitude worthy of the great Republic in face of a German provocation.
>
> The considerable increase of Germany's armament at the moment when M. Poincaré enters the Elysée will increase the danger of a too nationalistic trend of the French policy.

We quote, finally, from the favorite witness of the German Foreign Office—the Belgian Minister in Berlin—a passage from a dispatch of June 12, 1914, which contains more truth of more weight than anything adduced in the Introduction. It is as follows:

> The result of the agitation shown by the French has been an increased tension in their relations with the neighboring Empire, and the idea which is falsely spread or accepted without verification by the best heads in this country [*i. e.*, Germany] that war is inevitable in the near future because France desires it ardently and is arming feverishly to prepare for it. At Paris the same intentions are being imputed to the Imperial Government, some of whose members have, it must be admitted, occasionally used unfortunate words, as the Minister of War in speaking of a "lightning offensive" and of an "unexpected attack" which were to secure victory for the German army. Perhaps even to-day there is nothing but a terrible misunderstanding on the part of either of the two countries. The majority of the French nation certainly does not want war and Germany has no need of it. In a few years no balance of forces will any longer be possible between her and her neighbor. Germany has only to be patient, to pursue in peace the incessant development of her economic and financial power, and to wait for the effect of her preponderant birth-rate, in order to dominate without dispute and fight in all of central Europe.

If that dispatch could have been captured by the Germans before it ever left Berlin, and if their statesmen had been wise enough to follow its counsels, there would have been no war.

ITALY IN THE WAR.

It is almost exactly half a year since Italy declared war on Austria, yet it is no exaggeration to say that even to the fairly conscientious reader of the dispatches it looks as though she might as well have remained neutral. We read of Alpine fighting and attacks along the Isonzo, but in both regions progress has been apparently small and the nature of the fighting desultory. The facts are otherwise, but such is the common impression. Peculiarly puzzling is the lack of perceptible effect on the general progress of the war produced by Italy's entrance on the side of the Allies. If we consider the results of Bulgaria's entrance into the war and the anxieties now centring upon the possible action of Greece, with a population of less than five millions, it is nothing less than astounding that Italy, with a population seven times that of Greece, and a potential fighting strength of at least two million men, should have failed to affect the general situation. Italy entered the war three weeks after the initial Russian disaster in Galicia. Yet the new danger Austria was compelled to face did not seemingly slacken the Teutonic operations in Galicia. The Austrian armies continued for months to press the attack against the Russian left wing, and only within the last two months has there been evidence of a weakening of their operations in that direction. Even then Austria has been in the position of sparing some troops for the work in Servia without undue anxiety regarding what was going on in the west.

A closer study of the situation shows that Italy's rôle has been far from negative. The fact remains that she has after all kept the attention of important Austrian forces which might have been used with effect against Russia or Servia. In Karl von Wiegand's account of the Isonzo campaign in the New York *World*—one of the most remarkable pieces of war reporting that have appeared—the Austrian commander estimated his own forces on the Isonzo at one-third of the Italian strength. Take it at that minimum, and it would mean that at least 150,000 men are engaged in the defence of Görz and Tolmino. If these had been available in Russia, the Teutonic forces might, indeed, have pressed on to Kiev in the south and to Riga in the north. Or the invasion of Servia might have been begun two months earlier, and all of the Balkans would have been definitely lost to the Allies.

This result has not been attained by Italy's

standing upon the defensive. Her armies have pressed the attack. On the Tyrol front they have been engaged in the conquest of the mountain passes. On the eastern front they have delivered three great attacks on a fifty-mile line from Tolmino to the Adriatic Sea, and are now engaged in a fourth assault on a narrower front, with Görz as the sole objective. If one may argue from the tone of Mr. von Wiegand's story, the Austrians are not at all confident of their position. He speaks of Görz and Tolmino as "still" in their possession. He speaks of the Austrian defensive position as one not particularly favorable and one which it was originally intended to abandon altogether. There may be here the foreshadowing of an ultimate evacuation of the line. Nevertheless, the Austrian showing on this front emphasizes the enormous advantages of the defensive in the present war.

The actual gain in territory by the Italian armies is small when measured by the standard of Teutonic achievements in eastern and southern Europe, and considerable when measured by the rate of progress in France and Belgium. On the Tyrol front the Italians have occupied a strip about forty miles long by ten miles wide along both shores of the Lago di Garda, with Riva and Rovereto as their objective. On the Isonzo front they have occupied a zone about fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide at its southern extremity on the Adriatic, narrowing to less than five miles at Plava to the north of Görz and five miles at Tolmino. Of important places they hold Monfalcone, Gradisca, and Plava, some six or seven miles to the north of Görz and on the eastern bank of the Isonzo. On the heights of Podgora they are almost at the gates of Görz, which by this time must be denuded of its civilian population. The bombardment of the city has been recently reported from Vienna. Hitherto it has been rumored that the Italian artillery has been checked in its operations by considerations for the civilian population, which is largely Italian. In Italy's operations, both in the Tyrol and along the Isonzo, the usual advantages of the defensive have been enormously enhanced by the nature of the country. It has been a case either of mountain fighting or of frontal attacks on trenches cut in the solid rock.

Except as her pressure on Austria's western line has affected the general situation, Italy has apparently not participated in the common strategy of the Allies. It is conceivable that in a perfectly unified scheme of Allied operations, Italy might have been content to stand on the defensive as against Austria, and place part of her armies at the disposal of the Allies outside of Italy. She is more favorably situated than either France or England for throwing considerable forces into the Balkans. But she refrained from doing so in Gallipoli at a time when her help might have been precious, she has not as yet participated in the landing at Salonica, and we are still to have confirmation of the rumors about the landing of an Italian army in Albania.

Yet it is not necessary to suppose that in this policy she has been actuated by purely selfish motives. In France and England there has been serious question of the wisdom of the Gallipoli and Salonica campaigns. It has been described as a frittering away of strength on a mere diversion. Expert opinion on both sides still holds that the war will be decided along the main battle-fronts. Gen. Cadorna, head of the Italian army, has been reported as firmly opposed to any policy of adventure outside of Italy. And his reasons may be two-fold. It is not only that more decisive results can be won by operations from a near base directed against the flank of the enemy, but in the special case of Italy there is always the danger of a concentrated attack by Germans and Austrians in case the Italian offensive should definitely fail. If Germany has found troops for a distant campaign in Servia, she could operate with much greater ease and advantage from her own frontiers through the Tyrol. Events in the Balkans dictate a policy of caution. Berlin and Vienna speak of pressing on to the Suez Canal. But it is not at all unlikely that, with Servia beaten down, the next blow will fall upon Italy's northern frontiers.

A YEAR OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM.

Last week occurred the first anniversary of the formal inauguration, on November 16, 1914, of the new banking system in the United States. During the three months which had preceded that date, the putting into operation of the new facilities for safeguarding American finance was considered, in the face of the European storm, to be an immediate and urgent necessity. This was done with the utmost expedition; it was done while financial conditions in this country, as a result of war, were still obscure and precarious. Nevertheless, expert comment on the first year of the new banking system has, during the past week, been unanimous to the effect that the broad facilities which that system offers to the country's machinery of credit and currency are now, after twelve months, substantially untouched.

The questions are therefore very pertinent: Why were those new facilities not instantly made use of, when the economic strain of last November was what it was? What part, if any, did the new banking system really play in the subsequent revival? When is it likely to exert a really powerful influence on the American situation, and with what results? The answer to the first question is, that the financial situation was in actual fact already turning in favor of this country when the new system was introduced. Gold exports had just come to an end through a fall in sterling to the normal par of exchange. A few weeks before that event, the New York banks had turned the September deficit of $38,000,000 into a surplus reserve of $15,000,000. Money rates at New York, which had stood at 8 per cent. since the war broke out, had got down to normal figures early in November.

How swiftly this turn of events was followed by the dramatic movement of the exchanges in our favor, and by the largest monthly gold imports in the country's history, everybody knows. No doubt, if the Federal Reserve system had been in operation when the war began, the $369,000,000 "Aldrich emergency currency" would never have been issued. The banks would have taken out Federal Reserve notes against their rediscounted paper. But even so, the emergency currency had passed its maximum, and was rapidly declining, in the last week of October.

The second of the above questions, therefore—as to the part which the new régime actually played in the great financial recovery of the twelve past months—must be answered by saying that it has probably played directly no part at all. In effecting a thorough organization of the country's banking; in standardizing many methods and practices of the business, and in breaking ground for the new business in "acceptances" of foreign trade bills, the Reserve Board has already accomplished results of high importance. But the main achievements to which the public and the framers of the law had looked forward, as a result of the actual establishment of the new reserve banks, were in connection with the rediscounting of paper for the member banks, and with providing an elastic currency, based on commercial assets.

At the start the twelve regional institutions together held $262,000,000 cash re-

serve; they hold $348,000,000 to-day. Yet their total rediscounts are even now only $45,000,000—an utterly insignificant use of their facilities. But when the New York banks, for instance, held at the end of December a surplus reserve of $117,000,000, and increased it continuously to $224,000,000 last September (the very period when "harvest demands" used to pull the surplus down), it was hardly to be expected that they would ask relief from the burden of their loans.

As for the new Federal Reserve notes, it is true that $160,000,000 of them are now in circulation, as against $80,000,000 at the end of June and $17,000,000 on January 1. This at least would appear to indicate use of the new facilities. But the singular fact is that nearly all of such notes now in circulation are based, not on the commercial assets which were designed to stand beneath the new bank currency, but on special gold deposits by the issuing banks, to an amount as large as that of the notes outstanding. Notes thus secured are actually nothing more or less than gold certificates. Of Federal Reserve notes issued and secured on the basis chiefly contemplated by the law, less than $13,000,000 are to-day outstanding. In other words, the Reserve banks have not yet been called upon to perform either of the principal functions expected of them.

What, then, of the new banking system in the future? When will its real facilities begin to have their full effect? That does not seem likely to happen until the abnormal flow of foreign gold in this direction slackens, or until financial and industrial expansion in the United States rises far beyond its present magnitude. But the provisions of the organization would almost certainly be brought into play when the war ends and the world is plunged into the unknown economic conditions which will follow return of peace.

This country may conceivably be confronted in the new and confusing conditions then prevailing, in and out of Europe, by a wholly unprecedented demand for credit facilities from the outside world. Or it may have its share of the profound economic reaction which will undoubtedly ensue in Europe. The Federal Reserve system was equally designed to facilitate a heavy legitimate demand on the country's resources, and to act as a safeguard against a financial strain. It could perform the one function by its great and as yet unused rediscounting powers. It could perform the other by its as yet unused facilities for both currency and credit.

In either possible sequel to the return of peace, it is certain to operate as a reassuring influence. The salient fact is that, in the changed world in which we shall then be living, and with financial relationships inevitably altered as between the nations, the United States will confront those new conditions with complete and up-to-date machinery for sound financial expansion. This will be true at the very moment when Europe is brought face to face with the results of its own financial exhaustion and of the overstrain in its credit system.

LESCHETIZKY AND HIS PUPILS.

The death of Theodor Leschetizky removes from the world of music the man who in one respect came nearer to Liszt than any one else. No one has ever approached Liszt in the combination of his supreme gifts as pianist, composer, editor, educator, and writer, not to speak of his missionary work for composers or artists who needed help, all of which, considered in their ensemble, made Wagner proclaim his father-in-law "the greatest musician of all time." But as his successor in the field of musical pedagogy, as an inspirer of other pianists, Leschetizky accomplished wonders second only to Liszt. Pupils of Liszt are not so abundant as they were a decade or two ago; but the woods are full of pupils of Leschetizky, and, what is more, many of them are excellent pianists, and some of them good composers. To be able to teach the "Leschetizky method" from personal experience is undoubtedly, also, the greatest recommendation a piano instructor at present can have.

What that "method" is cannot be stated in a sentence or two. Leschetizky himself objected to the term; "I have no technical method," he said. "There are certain ways of producing certain effects, and I have found those which succeed best; but I have no iron rules. . . . There can be no rule. I am a doctor to whom my pupils come as patients to be cured of their musical ailments, and the remedy must vary in each case." This attitude accounts for the fact that not a few pianists who had already won fame came to him for advice. He told each one frankly what was lacking. Less considerate than Liszt of the feelings of his pupils, he commented on their faults freely in class, excusing this seeming rudeness with the question: "If a pupil has not sufficient courage to stand buffetings from me, how will he stand them later on from the world?" His critical judgment seldom failed him in prophesying which of his pupils would make a stir in the world, and from those whom he liked particularly he refused to accept payment. According to his English biographer, Annette Hullah, he used to say to a group of pupils: "Ah, what a marvel I could make could I mix you all up!"

Probably the most important factor in Leschetizky's teaching was the importance he attached to pedalling. Moscheles once declared that the test of a great pianist was his ability to get along without the pedal, and that was true in the olden days, the days before the scattered chords brought together by the use of the sustaining pedal. But Rubinstein called the pedal the soul of the pianoforte, and Chopin said it was the study of a lifetime. In the pieces of Chopin and Liszt, and all good modern pianoforte music, the sustaining pedal is of extreme importance, because it lifts the dampers from the strings and thus enriches each tone struck, by the sympathetic vibration of other strings (overtones). Leschetizky had the wisdom to recognize this importance of the pedal in tone production, and gave his pupils, including Paderewski, hints that helped to make them famous for their "touch," which, as we thus see, was quite as much a matter of the right foot as of the fingers.

Modern pianists have a great advantage over those of a generation or more ago in that the instruments at their disposal have a much richer tone than those played on by their predecessors. But Leschetizky would not allow his pupils to rely too much on this advantage. He wanted them to be prepared to get a good tone, if need be, out of an inferior instrument, modifying their touch to suit the case. While thus insistent on the importance of touch he by no means neglected questions of interpretation. As a young man he listened intently to the great pianists of the day, to Liszt, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Saint-Saëns, Tausig, Henselt, Thalberg, and others, and what they did served him as material for the "method" he subsequently developed.

He himself played in public for a time, but soon realized that his proper sphere was in the classroom. His career and his world-fame show that a teacher may become as great a man as a public player; earning as much, too, and receiving the same kind of homage. Though he was often extremely "temperamental"—slamming doors, crushing the music and throwing it on the floor, remarking to one of his class that he had better spend his future as a "tomato-grower," or turning off the gas and leaving the

class in darkness—all his pupils seem to have loved him. One of the most prominent of them, an American, burst into tears when she heard of his death last week. Though he was eighty-five years old, she had hoped to see him once more.

Besides teaching his pupils how to acquire a touch that commanded all shades of tone production, Leschetizky probably did most good to them—and in turn to the thousands of pupils of his pupils—by emphasizing the importance of concentration. A vast amount of time is wasted by most young people in practicing with the fingers only. Some teachers even allow their pupils to read a book while practicing on the piano. On this custom Leschetizky frowned. The player, he taught, must have his attention fixed every moment on what he is doing. "The brain must guide the fingers, not the fingers the brain," was one of his maxims. As an illustration of his graphic way of teaching the meaning of expression-marks this will serve: "To make an effective *accelerando* you must glide into rapidity as steadily as a train increases its speed when steaming out of a station."

Foreign Correspondence

AMERICAN OPINION—WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 2.

Two messages from America, received within the last few days, have evoked in us a certain amount of astonishment, though in totally different ways. The optimistic article of October 28 in the New York *Tribune* ("Germany Is Beaten") coming at a time when we were rather lugubriously reaping the bitter Bulgarian fruit of an unavoidable lack of military success on the East front, and a perhaps not quite so unavoidable lack of statesmanlike foresight, was all the more welcome because so wholly unexpected. To know that a competent and impartial neutral observer, so far from feeling qualms about our errors and rebuffs, cherishes a strong and positive conviction that our cause is on the highway to victory, revives us like a cordial, or like a cup of cold water in the desert.

The shock received from Mr. Roosevelt's article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* is that of cold water applied in a very different manner. That so warm a friend of England and the Allies should, at this juncture, feel called upon to state his belief that Great Britain has failed, on the whole, to take her duties seriously enough, is something to make us indeed search our hearts and find out what measure of truth really lurks in an assertion that certainly seems on the face of it far too sweeping. One is assuredly tempted to think that Mr. Roosevelt would have moderated his judgment if he had personally visited England or any of her battle fronts within the last month; and one wonders also whether any one is entitled to pass so very cocksure a verdict who has not been in actual touch with his evidence. In plain words, I believe that our honest and friendly, but impulsive, critic is speaking to a large extent out of a cloud of ignorance. That he ventures to speak as he does, is, I suspect, greatly due to the attitude of a certain section of the English press. But Mr. Roosevelt should have realized how very deceptive the printed word can be in cases like this.

The action of the journals I refer to, in belittling our efforts and emphasizing our failures, does not in the least call for any such ugly brand as unpatriotic. I am quite ready to believe that the fundamental wishes and intentions of the journalists in question are sound and loyal, and that they really think it is desirable to induce a sort of mild panic in the breast of John Bull, in order to stimulate him to do his best. This rests, however, on a shallow analysis of British psychology; and it moreover forgets that, in any case, the disastrous effect produced on antagonists and neutrals is likely to outweigh any possible good effect on ourselves.

We must, I think, also admit that the attitude of our Press Bureau has provided Mr. Roosevelt with some excuse for the imperfection of his information. No intelligent British patriot is opposed to the principle of rigid censorship of the press in such a crisis as we are now passing through. But he must be a blind partisan who is not willing to express regret and astonishment at some of the vagaries of our present staff of censors. To ordinary common-sense, many things seem to have been passed that should have been deleted, and many things have been suppressed or delayed for no apparent good reason. All men are likely to err, and no doubt some of the actions we now take for errors are quite susceptible of justification at a later stage of the game. In any case, a neutral observer, who, with all his sympathy for England, is not quite so British as a Briton in his psychology, may be pardoned if he misinterprets or exaggerates something that we understand, in part at least, and so can make allowance for.

For indeed it is not by any means sure that England is not approaching the point when it can be truly said that we are realizing the situation to the full, and are ready to do our utmost. It seems to us almost absurd to say that the size of our army is "utterly inadequate," compared with those of the other Powers. To pass over the point that we are not supposed to be a great military power, or to be called on to rival the numbers of the great Continental armies, the bare and actual fact stares us in the face that when the troops on all our different fronts and in all our Oriental garrisons are taken into account, our army is not, after all, so very much smaller than that of France. This is still more true if we include our partly-trained troops, because it would have been physically impossible for us to have produced and equipped more trained troops in the time at our disposal. How could we, starting from zero, hope to equal within a year an ally who started somewhere about normal summer heat?

I wish Mr. Roosevelt could see the men who are now flocking to the colors in response to Lord Derby's recruiting scheme. This, coming on the top of the National Registry, has had a most encouraging effect in awakening the doubters to the gravity of the situation, and in convincing them that this is their last chance to volunteer. I hazard the prediction that the War Office will have all it can do, during the next six months, to train and equip the men who are now offering themselves. Mr. Lloyd George would have something to say to Mr. Roosevelt on the score of his reproach as to our production of the artillery and munitions of war. Here, at least, it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt cannot have the latest information. Strikes, too, on which Mr. Roosevelt lays much stress, have pretty well ceased; and moreover, as I have already tried to show in the *Nation*, it is easy to read a much too sinister interpretation into these regrettable events. Great Britain is, at this present moment, one great hive of industry for purposes of war. Our women, our old men, our physical weaklings are practically all doing their bit. If Mr. Roosevelt had neighbors such as mine, he could never have written what he did—neighbors whose sacrifices range from giving up three or four sons (alive or dead) to the army, down through dismal, cold hours of night-guard duty by sexagenarians, to eating margarine instead of butter, and abjuring alcohol and tobacco.

Much might be said, too, of the financial side of the question. It hardly seems unfair to affirm that part of the armies of our allies may, in a sense, be reckoned as belonging to the military organization of the country that supplies them with rifles and ammunition. The sums already advanced are said to be enough to equip and maintain 8,000,000 men.

The readers of the *Nation* may possibly be interested by two illustrations of the quality of our sacrifices. These happen to have come under my notice because they refer to sons of old friends of my own; but doubtless they are typical of many others. The following passage is quoted from the letter of a young Oxford man, written shortly before his death in a charge at the head of his company—a captain at twenty. The extract is, perhaps, enough to show that he was a youth of unusual intellectual promise, and his character and personality were of an equally rare order:

"The chess players are no longer waiting so infernally long between their moves, and the patient pawns are all in movement, hourly expecting further advances whether to be taken or reach the back lines and be queened. 'Tis sweet this pawn being; there are no cares, nor doubts; therefore no regrets. The burden which I am sure is the burden of illtemper, drunkenness, and premature old age, to wit, the making up of one's own mind, is lifted from our shoulders. I can now understand the value of dogma, which is the General Commander-in-Chief of the mind. I am now beginning to think that free-thinkers should give their minds into subjection; for we who have given our actions and volitions into subjection gain such marvellous rest thereby. Only, of course, it is the subjecting of their powers of will and deed to the wrong master, on the part of a great nation, that has led Europe into war. Perhaps afterwards, I and my like will again become indiscriminate rebels."

The other young man I have in mind, just a shade older than the one already mentioned, was a scion of a Scottish family well known for its intellectual achievements in more than one field. The following sonnet, referring to the last place he had seen in Scotland, was

written on the battlefield not long before his heroic death:

ST. MARY'S LOCH.

Dropping their veils the hills receive the sun
And hold him till old Silence beckons Night
To cover their last kisses one by one.
Here restless spirits would delay their flight,
And antique deities from wrath incline.
Sometimes young Love, too passionate grown, here dips
His glowing wings, lays his hot cheek by thine,
Touching thy waters with his ardent lips;
War's hissing axles here their way explored,
Then broken lay before the enemy Peace.
Some day in weariness our latest lord
Will from his smoky temples have release,
And, leaning from the hills, will sigh to see
The furrows of his forehead glassed in thee.

L'UNION SACREE—A LESSON IN PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 6.

Americans for the most part decline to understand why and how the French change their Government, and Germans regularly misunderstand. The French people quite commonly sum up their own experience in the refrain of Madame Angot's daughter:

C'était pas la peine assurément
De changer le gouvernement.

Or else they say over with resignation their proverb in which the political wisdom of the ages is condensed: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

This time, surely, the change has made a Government which is "more the same thing," that is, a strengthening of that Sacred Union which, for a year and a quarter, has kept the French people united. And so, this time, the change is worth the trouble. It is also a lesson in Parliamentary rule, which is so strange to us whose Republic is not Parliamentary. In like way, French Republicans cannot understand why Congress is not "controlling" President Wilson.

A singularity of the present French change is that it has not been made with the regulation ceremonies of Parliamentary opposition. There was no vote of lack of confidence in the Viviani Ministry; on the contrary, it had what in normal times would have been considered a good working majority. But the work before Government and Parliament is not normal now, and it is no longer majority-rule which is needed, but *l'Union sacrée*—the union of all in the sacred work of saving France. If the enemy counted on self-counteracting operations of Parliamentary rule in the French Republic—

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass—

he must have lost his illusions by this time. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* denounces the new Government in France as nothing better than a scheme to silence opposition.

Let us go back to the beginning. War found M. Viviani at the head of Government, travelling officially with the President of the Republic in Russia. Such absence by itself proves that the French, at least, did not expect the breaking out of war. Also, they cannot have understood how thoroughly the German Government had been preparing its army and its people for a sudden attack on France. It was not until the disastrous fighting at Charleroi and Mons revealed the superiority of the enemy in men and guns that the French—and tardily the English—Governments wakened to the life and death struggle before them.

Then, for a first time, Prime Minister Viviani made a change in his Government. It was chiefly signalized by making M. Millerand War Minister, by leaving military operations entirely in the hands of the General-in-Chief—and by silence in Parliament for a time. What General Joffre has done is known to the world. The inconceivable amount of labor of the lawyer Minister of War Millerand, during fourteen months, will perhaps never be appreciated.

After a time the many voices of Parliament (in accord with the derivation of its name) began making themselves heard *crescendo*. Various Under Secretaries were appointed in various Ministries, but this did not change Government sufficiently for the traditions of a Parliament to which change means change of label. With great tact, still in possession of his own majority, Prime Minister Viviani has yielded the first place to his Minister of Justice, Briand, and has himself stepped down to second place—without rejoicing the enemy by any Parliamentary disputes.

The *Strassburger Post* pronounces that "President Poincaré could not have found a cleverer artist for his purpose"; that Briand's "oratory is the essential quality to please the French people"; and that, "thanks to his voice, Briand can produce all the effects desired." So opium produces sleep because it has a soporific quality!

The French Parliament, no doubt, has often experienced the effects of M. Briand's voice, for he has more than once in the past been a notable Prime Minister; and, no doubt, too, his oratory is effective for the simple reason that it is Parliamentary, in other words, he is first and foremost a great debater. His early experience in the give and take of seaport politics has stood him in good stead through his whole career. But he has some thing "cleverer" than oratory and debate to his credit. When the English lately had to face the strike of coal miners who could not be made to understand that their country was at war for its life, many Britons who never will be slaves regretted the absence of a compulsory military service law—for that enabled Briand, in time of peace, to "militarize" French railway strikers with instantaneous cessation of their strike. At the time, I had the luck to see the measure at work, having permission to await at the tracks the arrival of the train bringing an aged lady from Switzerland. Each railwayman had his military band around his sleeve, to show that he had been mobilized in accordance with the personal record book which every Frenchman has for his military service. They laughed themselves at the feat of Government, legal and constitutional.

Any sane observer might have predicted there and then that the German Socialist illusion that French workmen would strike rather than obey their country's call would be dispelled the moment real war came. For that matter, not a German Socialist struck against war either—for the red blood of families and neighbors and fellow-countrymen is thicker than the water of Internationalist theories.

Another German organ—of Stuttgart—says that "the Viviani Cabinet has succumbed to the sickness of unsuccessfulness." As the Viviani Cabinet has been taken up essentially into the Briand Government, this German sour saying may be doubted. The open failure of the diplomacy of all the Allies in dealing with the Balkan nations did make the position of M. Delcassé very difficult, although the French Republic owes more to him in its foreign affairs than is appreciated now. His resignation may or may not have been necessary—at least, he had carried out the tradition of France, to take it for granted that nations, too, have their honor.

There is no secret in the new change of Government in France. Such change is the legal, constitutional procedure of a Parliamentary Republic—which the United States is not. The new Government is an evolution, a widening out and strengthening of the rule which all Frenchmen from the beginning of war decided was essential to their existence as a people.

In France, Parliament represents the people and Government represents Parliament. This principle leads in ordinary times to absolute rule of the country by a party majority in Parliament. But when all the people, of every party and class, must stand or fall together, Government must be made to represent them all. Parties—Socialist and Radical and Conservative—and classes—workmen and peasants and nobles and *bourgeois*, Freemasons, and Catholics—must all have their representatives in Government as they have in the armies fighting afield. This is everybody's theory, and the new Government is only striving to bring it at last into full practice.

It is extended even to the class of old men, of whom it has been said foolishly—as if that were possible—that this is their war. In the Tuileries gardens, there are still vast marble benches in semicircles which Robespiere placed that the Ancients of the Republic might look on at the sports of Young France. So M. Freycinet, in his eighty-eighth year, after nearly half a century's watching the foreign affairs of France, sits in Government "without portfolio."

Notes from the Capital

JAMES EDGAR MARTINE.

Now that it is definitely settled that, no matter who else may come to the United States Senate from New Jersey in the Sixty-fifth Congress, James Edgar Martine is out of the running, the question arises, who will there be in that august body competent to represent in his own person the interests and aspirations of the Great American Farmer? Tillman, of South Carolina, remains, to be sure, but Tillman's sphere is parochial, and, besides, he has not brandished his pitchfork in so many years that he probably has forgotten how. There are one or two Senators who include farming in a varied catalogue of their occupations, one who makes a specialty of cattle-raising, one who has grown rich by trading in the raw hides of calves—which is only a short remove from stock-farming—and a few who maintain a suspicious silence about their non-political means of livelihood. But Martine began by posing as the simon-pure, unadulterated human embodiment of Agriculture with a capital A. He was also a product of the People with a capital P, being the first Senator elected in New Jersey as the result of a popular expression of preference registered at the polls. His formal response when apprised of his election was characteristic. "This contest," he announced, with portentous solemnity, "has been for a

principle, one vital to our country and to the future of self-government. The victory is not that of an individual, but of the people. . . . My candidacy personified an eternal truth in government. Public opinion vitalized it!"

From the day he took his Senatorial oath he let no opportunity slip to emphasize his identification with the horny-fisted sons of toil. One afternoon, during a tariff debate on the agricultural schedules, when all the Senators were voicing in generalities their notions on the market for milch-cows, Martine plunged into his first recorded speech. "As a farmer all my life," he declared, "I can assert that throughout New Jersey and the most of New York it is a rarity to find a milch-cow in the dairy districts that will command over fifty dollars. There are instances where dairy cows will run from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars, and I have neighbors who have paid as high as twenty-five hundred dollars for a cow. But the average cow throughout the dairy districts of New York State, up in great Orange County and through Sussex County, will not bring more than from forty-five to fifty dollars."

He presented these statistics with an air of authority so final that nobody ventured at the time to challenge his pretension to speak for the whole agricultural community; and this emboldened him on a subsequent afternoon to break summarily into a speech in which Elihu Root was expounding the virtues of protection, by asking permission to put a question. Root was annoyed at the interruption, but Martine was so importunate that he presently yielded for a moment. "The farmers," cried Martine, as soon as Root had suspended his remarks, "have been looking for forty-odd years for the magnificent dream and the rainbow that was to come. But each year the struggle for the bread-and-butter winner and toiler has grown harder and harder and more and more bitter, while they have seen their farms sold out under foreclosure, and the manufacturers growing wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. Hence the farmers of this land have held up their hands to God and said, 'Pray, how long!' And the last election decreed that it should be short. I can say to the distinguished Senator from my neighboring State, in which I was born, that your day of promise is too far off with your Republican talk of protection, and we want no more of it!" Root's only comment was that the Senator from New Jersey "really ought not, under permission to put a question, to make my poor, dull remarks the matrix in which shall shine the bright jewels of his eloquence!"

This sort of thing went on till one day Martine tackled Borah, of Idaho. Borah was in the midst of a speech to which he had given considerable study. But he looked as harmless as a spring lamb, and was demurely rehearsing some of the conditions which had made for the decline of agriculture in the East, among them the growing tendency of farmers to leave their farms and crowd into the cities, where life was easier and money more plenty. Suddenly Martine strode forward with a suggestion that, being a farmer himself, he was prepared to dispute that statement. Borah, without the slightest sign of irritation, turned towards his opponent. "The Senator," said he, "has been speaking here in the interest of the American farmer for some days. I could not believe that the distinguished-looking gentleman, with his gold spectacles and his Hyperion curl, was indeed a farmer, so I began to investigate. I found that my friend, eighteen or twenty years ago, had a farm in New Jersey, and that he farmed it for a while and played politics some. Years afterward, a great manufacturing town grew to his farm, and he cut his farm into little lots, and built seventy-five or a hundred houses on them, and sold or rented the houses and lots, and came to the Senate."

The whole Senate sat back and stared at Martine, expecting him to retort. Instead, he recognized his master, and made no attempt to respond, except to confess that what Borah had said was true. The end of his farmer comedy had come.

The late Senator Gorman remarked of a certain politician of his day: "He entered public life with universal acclamation, and quitted it by unanimous consent." It might be unfair to apply this epigram to Martine's whole career, which, whatever its absurdities, has at least been free from scandals. But it would fit not badly his theatrical part of a modern Cincinnatus, which many an actor on the political stage at the Capitol has performed so much better. TATTLER.

Shall Professors Form a Union?

By WILLIAM MACDONALD.

The American Association of University Professors, whose second annual meeting is to be held early in January, has before it a problem upon whose solution may very possibly depend, in considerable measure, the future usefulness of the organization. Briefly stated, the question is whether the Association shall confine itself mainly to the investigation of abuses, trusting to the publication of its findings and the support of a friendly and enlightened public opinion to bring redress; or whether it shall so enlarge and perfect its organization as also to secure, for the university professoriate, the full measure of rights, position, and recognition to which that body is entitled.

Those who were privileged to participate in the first meeting of the Association, last January, could hardly have failed to watch the course of discussion with mixed emotions. Men and women from several institutions, and representing the various departments of learning, often did not know one another, and had to identify themselves when they rose to address the chair. Members of recognized leadership in particular institutions could not predict how other members, of equal prominence elsewhere, might think or vote on any proposition before the Association; nor could they venture to speak with confidence either for their own institutions or for colleagues in their own departments. That prevailing vice of faculties and educational conventions, the disposition to split hairs over phraseology or definition until the main question is almost lost sight of, and to view general problems from the local or personal standpoint only, was not absent from the debates. But the rapidity with which the Association, after a brief period of unsteady but earnest groping, at last found itself and realized the solidarity of its interests, was inspiring; and its emphatic exclusion from membership of presidents and of deans or other administrative officials not chiefly engaged in teaching or research, together with its clear determination to debate in due time the grave question of academic freedom, constituted an unmistakable assertion of corporate unity to which the history of American higher education had hitherto been stranger.

The question now is whether or not the Association, numbering a charter membership of 862 professors from sixty-one institutions, and already well organized for investigation, publication, and protest, ought at its next meeting to go further, and organize its forces for the positive redress of grievances. I am aware that any allusion to the principles or methods of unionism is pretty certain to suggest a procedure widely believed to be foreign to the professorial habit, and out of harmony with the dignity and restraint long associated with the occupation of university teaching. No organization for peace can wholly lay the suspicion that it includes also, if need be, organization for war. Yet it is not putting the case too strongly to say that the American professorial world is characterized to-day by profound and increasing dissatisfaction, suspicion, and unrest; that the grievances of university professors are fundamental and real; that the situation as a whole is not improving, but rather getting worse; and that the efficiency of university education is threatened by the continuance of untoward conditions which are in no way inherent in a healthy academic life, and which it is within the power of the organized professoriate to remedy if it will.

What, briefly, ought to be the assured and recognized status of the professor? First of all and above all, he should be competent. Whatever the grade or special field of the institution, professorial chairs ought to be forever barred to men or women who have not clearly demonstrated ability and productive power as scholars, and efficiency as teachers, lecturers, or directors of research. It is indeed a saving grace that our universities have been able to gather into their faculties as many scholars and teachers of ability and distinction as they have; but it must be sadly admitted that the average is not high, that professors who are neither sound scholars nor respectable teachers encumber every faculty list, and that either the acquisition or the retention of strong men is quite as often the result of accident as of design. Yet it is hard to see why any other condition should be expected. There is no common standard for first appointment, no recognized and carefully observed system of promotion save in a few universities, and no rational discipline for insuring harmony, coöperation, or continued efficiency. It is notorious that promotion too often goes by favor, or follows mere physical continuance or the accident of a "call." Hence it is

that persons who ought never to have been made members of a faculty at all are to be found occupying high positions under what amounts to permanent tenure, while colleagues of ability, ambition, and ripe experience are kept back or crowded out because the president, or the trustees, or some influential alumnus or donor is unfriendly. No wonder, therefore, that the intelligent public speaks flippantly of professors as a class, and rejects their expressions of opinion as "academic" or inconsequential. We may not expect the title of professor to receive again the recognition which it deserves until those who hold it have earned it, and until those who begin their progress towards it can be assured that it may, by ability and faithfulness alone, be realized as a goal.

In the second place, a professor ought to be adequately paid. The situation in this respect to-day is as lamentable as it is frankly notorious. In scarcely any institution has the advance in salaries kept pace, even approximately, with the increased cost of living; and it will hardly be questioned that professors as a class are financially worse off at the present time than they were a generation ago. What accentuates the grievance is the fact that few colleges or universities have a fixed scale of salaries, or in practice adhere to one if they have it; that men of lower rank sometimes receive more than men of higher grades; that nominal schedules in different departments or schools of the same institution show wide variations, and that a few highly paid professors at the top usually mean a depressingly large number of underpaid men below.

I have long been convinced that the demand for a living professorial wage ought everywhere to be accompanied by a demand for equal pay to professors of equal rank. The theory of university finance which insists upon a variable salary within the same grade of appointment, on the ground that without such "elasticity" it may be impossible to get or retain specially desirable professors, is both fallacious and demoralizing. Beyond the means afforded by graded differences in salary or tenure, there is no rational method of determining the relative worth of professors to an institution. Not every professor can hope to make some great discovery, or render some notable public service, or even contrive a "call"; and when special salaries, above the maximum of the group, are accorded, as they commonly are, in recognition of such fortuitous conditions, they are a discouragement to all other members of the faculty or group, for the obvious reason that few can ever hope to be so honored. Unequal pay for equal rank is demoralizing because the real grounds upon which the excess stipend is based are rarely stated, and could rarely be made to commend themselves to the judgment of the group or faculty as a whole; because it opens the way to all sorts of private "understandings" and allowances, infallibly gendering dissatisfaction and suspicion; and because, wherever it exists, it is widely believed to be the result of presidential favoritism, or personal "pull," or both. Most of all, it lowers the value and standing of a professorship by making its emoluments uncertain, strikes a blow at academic freedom and solidarity, and puts it in the power of a president to cajole, punish, coerce, or reward the faculty at his discretion.

In the third place, a professor should be free; and in order that he may be free, his tenure should be secure. It is no part of my present purpose to discuss either the nature or the precise limits of academic freedom; on the other hand, I certainly hold no brief for professorial freaks, or for the spectacular teachers of whom the most charitable can only say, as of the horses of Scripture, that "their power is in their mouth." The melancholy fact, however, and the only one to which I wish now to advert, is that the American professor to-day is not free. So long as he keeps well within conventional lines, or, if he oversteps them, does so with daintiness or apology, he may talk or act about as he pleases. He may even, now and then, make a fool of himself without incurring any more weighty punishment than that of being laughed at. But if, unable to follow the crowd and also retain his self-respect, he attacks the social evils of his time, or questions the soundness or efficacy of conventional morals, or runs athwart the prejudices or schemes of rich donors of university funds, he runs the risk of jeopardizing both his professorship and his reputation. Only a strong man, or one financially independent, may ordinarily venture to take the risk; and university professors know only too well the devices, some open and some tortuous, by which punishment may be meted out. I have no confidence that the evils of this situation, constantly growing as our universities come to lean more and more upon the state or upon large personal or corporate wealth, will be cured by mere publicity. The report of the American Association of University Professors in the case of the University of Utah ought to convince any one that the Association will proceed, in any matter of the kind, with painstaking care and judicial impartiality; but neither the existence of the Association nor the knowledge that it was investigating this particular matter appears to have weighed with the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. Something more than words will be needed before the American professor is free.

I have mentioned only three of the fundamental rights which the professorial class in this country ought to enjoy in full measure, but which they now enjoy either very imperfectly or not at all. What can the American Association of University Professors do to bring these rights to realization?

For one thing, the Association can institute a searching inquiry into the status of the professor in American colleges and universities: the conditions of appointment and promotion, the tenure of office, the services required or expected, and the organization or discipline of faculties, departments, or schools. A properly constituted committee, with a comparatively small sum of money at its disposal for secretarial purposes, could prepare such a report in a year. Secondly, the Association can make a similar investigation of professorial salaries, not only with reference to the amounts paid to members of different grades, but also with regard to the relative salary lists of departments or schools, and the relation of the salary list to other items of university expenditure. With these two reports before it, the Association would be in a position to consider the whole subject of professorial organization and pay. Incidentally, the ease or difficulty with which the information called for under these two heads was obtained would be a suggestive intimation of the attitude which university executives are likely to take towards the Association and its work.

Lastly, the Association can draw up a code of professorial ethics. The most powerful labor union in the world—the medical profession—has long had an ethical code to which not only its own members, but pretty much the whole community as well, must bend; and there is need of one for professors. Pending the adoption of a code, the members of the Association can pledge themselves to take up, through the machinery of the organization, every case of dismissal in which it is asserted that professorial rights or academic freedom are involved; and in the event that such dismissal shall be found, upon full investigation, to have been without proper justification, to refuse to accept for themselves, or to recommend for any colleague, an appointment to the vacant chair, or to give further professional recognition to any one who shall accept such appointment, until assurance is forthcoming that the rights of professors in the institution in question will henceforth be respected. So long as men or women, otherwise of respectable standing in their profession, are willing not only to accept, but actually to seek, appointments regardless of the way in which the vacancy has been brought about, so long will professors as a class be held in light esteem.

American colleges and universities are everywhere struggling to-day with the problem of executive usurpation. The arbitrary conduct of presidents and governing boards is a perennial topic of conversation in every academic circle, and now and then the public overhears snatches of the tawdry tale. I venture to think that executive usurpation, pervasive and baneful as it often is, is more the fault of faculties than it is of presidents. One who is called upon to lead a loosely aggregated crowd rather than an organized and disciplined army must needs rule arbitrarily, if the enterprise is not to go to pieces on his hands. We of the professoriate, however exalted the plane on which we may conceive of our work, are without organization, without discipline, without professional solidarity; and we are led when we ought to lead. It is for the American Association of University Professors, if it will, to put the slumbering giant upon his feet and set him at his task.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL JOINT MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE AND THE ACADEMY.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters held their seventh annual joint meeting in Jordan Hall, Boston, on November 18 and 19. About fifty members of the Institute—of whom perhaps twenty were Academicians—attended the sessions. The Institute, limited to two hundred and fifty members, comprehends the Academy, a body of fifty men chosen as the most distinguished in the departments of literature, art, and music.

Mr. Howells, president of the Academy, who it had been expected would occupy the chair at the first session, was unable to be present; Professor William M. Sloane, chancellor of the Academy, took his place. First on the programme was an address by Mr. Brooks Adams on "The Revolt of Democracy Against Standards of Duty." Mr. Adams put forward his views with diffidence; he felt that in convictions he was so sundered from the mass of the people of this country as to invite by the expression of his ideas either censure or derision. He would not have obtruded them upon the public; but having been asked by the committee of the Institute to prepare a paper, he had deemed it his duty to respond. In brilliant and trenchant fashion he attacked what he conceived to be American ideals of democracy. He found in the German system of compulsory military service the truest democracy, and denied that it was a system foisted upon an unwilling nation by a tyrannical junker class; rather it was the cheerfully assumed obligation of the entire people, who had been educated for it by the Seven Years' War. A nation that abhorred universal military service had set its face in the wrong direction. The men of our nation should be willing to bear the burden of a man, just as the women had once been willing to bear the burden of a woman—though apparently they were so no longer. Mr. Adams earnestly asserted that American ideals of democracy tend to establish the habit of supreme selfishness in both men and women.

In striking contrast to Mr. Adams's address was that of Mr. William Allen White, the next speaker. Mr. White eulogized the course that American democracy was taking as enthusiastically as Mr. Adams had decried it. His treatment of his subject, "The Country Newspaper," was so unfettered as to allow for the expression of his tolerant and optimistic philosophy. In contemporary American life he saw the old fairy tales becoming again new: Cinderella the factory girl is finding her fairy prince now in the whole world; Sindbad is being relieved almost daily of some one of his burdens—the twelve-hour day is vanishing into the limbo of an evil past; leisure and recreation are, under the magic wand of democracy, ceasing to be the privilege of a few, and are becoming the inheritance of all.

Mr. Paul W. Bartlett had taken for his subject "An American Mania as Seen by a Foreigner." The mania in question proved to be that for portrait sculpture. The theme of the witty dialogue which Mr. Bartlett rendered as having passed between himself and a royal art commissioner from Europe was the distressing quality of our sculptural decorations. Mr. Bartlett castigated the trousered enormities of park and market-place, the artists who created them, and the public that accepted and retained them. He deplored the practice of riveting them to their pedestals by solemn and public ceremonies. A community seldom had the courage to rid itself of a statue, however atrocious, that had once furnished the occasion for one of these semi-religious dedicatory rites. Mr. Adams's stimulating pessimism, Mr. White's humorous optimism, and Mr. Bartlett's denunciatory picturesqueness made certainly a well-balanced entertainment, to which the reading by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson of two highly unneutral war poems by Dr. Henry van Dyke provided an effective climax.

In the afternoon a concert of compositions by members of the Institute was given by the Boston String Quartet, with Mr. Charles Bennett as soloist. The composers represented in the programme were Mr. Charles M. Loeffler, with "Lyrisches Kammermusikstück in F Major for Strings"; Mr. David Stanley Smith, with four songs; Mr. Howard Brockway, with three selections; Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. Frederick S. Converse, Mr. Arthur Foote, and Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley, all with songs; and Mr. Henry Hadley with "Quintet in A Minor for Pianoforte and Strings."

On Thursday evening, November 18, the annual dinner was held at the Harvard Club, and the following were elected to membership in the Institute: In the department of literature, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Mr. Charles R. Miller, Hon. Elihu Root, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, and Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor; in the department of art, Mr. Robert L. Aitken, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, Mr. James Earle Fraser, and Mr. Breck Trowbridge; in the department of music, Mr. Arne Oldberg and Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger. At the annual meeting of the Academy, held the same day, Judge Robert Grant, Mr. J. Alden Weir, Mr. William Gillette, Hon. George L. Rives, Mr. Frederick Macmonnies, and Mr. Paul Elmer More were elected to membership.

At the session on Friday morning, November 19, Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, president of the Institute, presided. Mr. Arnold W. Brunner read an epigrammatic and entertaining paper entitled "Architecture and the Man." He expressed the opinion that people underestimate the influence that their background, their scenery, exert on them. The influence of such a street as Broadway, for example, is necessarily vicious. It is a street that is, architecturally speaking, in the mob state. How can men and women in such surroundings be expected to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run"? And Broadway cannot be excused on the ground that it is picturesque. The picturesque results from the happy collaboration of time and chance.

President Nicholas Murray Butler read a paper on "Discipline and the Social Aim in Education." His ideas of American democracy might seem to lie midway between those of Mr. Adams and Mr. White. He believed that the difficulties of democracy are the opportunities of education. He also believed that the service and the sacrifice which are the result of self-imposed limitation are worth many times the service and the sacrifice that are directed by prescription and compulsion.

Mr. Percy MacKaye read a short poem, "Federation," in which he declared the belief that out of the war a federation of world-wide democracy would emerge.

Mr. Hamlin Garland read Mr. Brand Whitlock's paper, "The American Quality in American Literature," a paper most striking perhaps by reason of the power of detachment it suggested on the part of the author. It seemed extraordinary that the Minister to Belgium could have found time or inclination in the midst of the harrowing sights he has seen and the harassing labors that he has so well performed to compose a thoughtful and finished essay of purely literary character. His tribute to Mr. Howells as the man who "gave the first impulse towards a native and indigenous fiction" was, as it proved, a happy touch; for immediately after the reading of his paper the announcement of the conferring of the gold medal of the Institute for fiction upon Mr. Howells was made by Mr. Mable. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, secretary of the Institute, read a letter from Mr. Howells, in which he wrote: "A rumor of one of the good things which seem too good to be true has come to me with such insistence that I must take it for fact," and after expressing his appreciation of the honor done him he added, "I have been writing novels now for nearly fifty years, and I have outlived nearly every contemporary who might have outrivalled me in the competition. If this triumph of longevity has its inevitable sadness, I hoped that there might be some touch of the kindness which sweetens the acclaim of his arrival to the man who is out of the running."

So closed a truly noteworthy meeting.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

Correspondence.

DR. LEPSIUS AND THE ARMENIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his communication concerning the possible fate of Armenia in the *Nation* for November 4, the Archbishop of Diocles falls into an error of fact from which a misleading inference is drawn. Dr. Johannes Lepsius (son of the famous Egyptologist) is a man of brilliant parts, but he was decidedly not a "court preacher," but pastor in the little town of Friesdorf, near the Harz Mountains, when in 1896 he published his flaming appeal in behalf of the Armenian Christians: "Armenien und Europa, eine Anklageschrift" (it soon appeared also in English and French versions). In 1897 Lepsius asked for a leave of absence from his pastoral charge for a term of six months, in order to devote himself entirely to the cause of the Armenians. When this request was denied he resigned his pastorate. He was now able to continue his work for the Armenians unhindered; and he pursued it with much vigor and no little success. One of the fruits of the agitation in behalf of the Armenian widows and orphans, led chiefly by Lepsius and Pastor Lohmann, was the establishment of the German Orient Mission. After a time Lohmann brought the German work in Armenia under the direction of the American Board, while Lepsius continued the work of the Orient Mission elsewhere in the East as a mission among the Mohammedans.

That upon his first espousing the cause of

the Armenians in Berlin the Kaiser "promptly discharged him from his office" (of court preacher!) is indeed a strange fancy. It may be that the superior ecclesiastical authorities were moved to deny Lepsius his request by the fear that to grant him a furlough for this specific purpose would be interpreted as giving governmental sanction to an agitation that must inevitably involve criticism of another Government, and so might naturally lead to international misunderstandings. If such was the motive we must deplore it. But it is clearly desirable that we should not be led, by a flagrant misapprehension of the facts, to entertain a grossly exaggerated notion of the relative degree of the guilt of *one* of the Christian nations, which, as passive witnesses of the unspeakable tragedy, are all essentially one in the guilt and the shame.

J. R. Van Pelt.

Mount Vernon, Ia., November 10.

SIMONIDES TO BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The epigrams, written by Simonides in the fifth century before Christ about the Greeks who died for their country in the Persian wars fit so peculiarly the heroes of Belgium that I have made an arrangement and translation of some of them—for the Belgians. I have kept the metres of the Greek to emphasize, by contrast with the old form, the new meaning.

A VISION.

One startled night, I saw Simonides
Rise from the dark, a great and august shade,
And as I waited, breathless, half afraid,
On tablets gold he wrote such words as these:

I.

Champions here for the world, the Belgians held this fortress.
Gold-bearing Huns they stayed. Lasting shall be their renown.

II.

Stranger, announce to the British that here we fell on our borders,
True to neutrality's law,—no open road to their foes.

III.

Deathless the glory these men have won for their country forever.
Heavy about themselves death's black cloud they wrapped.
Yet, though dead, they live, for Valor, doing them honor,
Leads them back from the grave, Hades' abhorred abode.

IV.

If to die bravely is called the greatest portion of valor,
Then to us beyond all, Fortune has granted this boon.
Hastening were we to keep for Belgium the right of her freedom.
Fallen, we yet have won deathless praise among men.

V.

Due to the valor of Belgians was it the smoke curled not upward,
Eddying black to the sky, rising from Paris in flames.
They wished only one thing, to leave as a gift to their children
Belgium safe and free,—death in the front for themselves.

VI.

You, Monarch, living, still are alive far less than the men you slaughtered.

Sad was his mien, but bright his eyes.
I read and wept. In stern surprise,
He chanted as he went away
Another lasting, solemn lay:

VII.

Glorious the fate and fair the fame of these men.
Their tomb is an altar, not tears, but fame is for them
—and compassion!

Elizabeth Hazelton Haight.

Vassar College, September 6.

PAUL HERVIEU.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With the death of Hervieu the French drama loses its chief representative in the domain of high tragedy. An artist in sentiment and expression, a rigorous logician in technique, a moralist in his penetration of the destiny of character, this writer, better than any other modern, recalls the tragic elevation of Corneille and Racine. He has especially voiced two underlying conflicts: the conflict of man-made laws with individual passion, of character in the clutch of circumstance.

Born in 1857, Hervieu was a schoolboy at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, an advocate for a brief space of time, a journalist and novelist during the 'eighties and early 'nineties. Among his best-known novels are: "L'Inconnu" (1887), "Peints par Eux-mêmes" (1894), and "L'Armature" (1895). The first is a fantastic humorsome sketch of insanity, remarkable mainly for its psychological delving into dreams. The second depicts the adventurous and material struggles of various unengaging types, whose letters radiate from a country house. "L'Armature," more dramatic, has been turned into a play by M. Brieux.

In these and other similar stories, Hervieu does not appear at his best. Besides evincing the faults of his generation, the preoccupation with the ignoble, the addiction to a certain perverse hardness, he scarcely shows the broad sustained power of the true novelist. It is in his dramas that he sounds a higher and clearer note.

His first play of consequence was "Les Paroles restent" (1892). This concerns an officer who has carelessly slandered a young woman, who later wishes to marry her, and makes the *amende honorable* by a duel and his death. The treatment, which has romantic touches, is not tragic throughout, but a strong and painful scene, of a novel sort, is that in which the officer confesses to the girl at once his slander and his love. His wound proves dangerous only because of a revival of the gossip which he has started; this makes a *dénouement* which, if not inevitable, is at least in accord with the exigencies of the theme and with poetic justice.

"Les Tenailles" (1895), more tensely tragic and far better known, opens the series of Hervieu's problem-plays. It is the first drama to stage the conflict between law and the individual. It deals with a disunited married couple, of whom the wife is wilful and passionate, the husband as tenaciously logical and grimly unsympathetic as the doctor in Lavedan's "Duel." The "pincers" of matrimony are applied by the husband to grip the wife when she wishes to divorce and remarry; they are applied by the wife to grip the husband when, after ten years, she makes him continue to sustain the burden of herself and of her child by the former lover. In each case, the too moderate divorce-laws, as Hervieu considers them, operate not for freedom, but to compel the bearing of the yoke. The characters are excellently studied, here and elsewhere, the "seeds" anticipating the main events are carefully planted, and the Egoism of Barrès and the Nietzschean 'nineties is clearly indicated.

The dramatic swing of the pendulum and the injustice of the Code are again features of "La Loi de l'homme" (1897). The thesis is that "man's law" is unjust in two respects: it is difficult for a woman to obtain legal proof of her husband's infidelity, and it is hard that her control of her daughter's marriage should be subordinated to that of the father. The conclusion is that the older generation, as frequently with this author, must be sacrificed to the younger. It is the first play in which Hervieu shows himself clearly feminist. "L'Enigme" (1901) presents the rigor of a mathematical puzzle. It is a question of determining, almost by the methods of a detective-story, which of two women has taken a certain lover, and the audience is kept in the dark as well as the actors. In both of these plays the characters tend to become simple exponents of the problem or pawns in the game.

It is far otherwise in "La Course du flambeau" (1901), which is probably Hervieu's masterpiece. Here the main characters are profoundly analyzed and revealed, the struggles of mother-love are universalized in the manner of the greatest classical tragedy, and there is straightforward, exact measuring of the means to the end. The title suggests the theme, which is that love and sacrifice descend through the generations. Of the three women concerned, Mme. Fontenais, the grandmother, will be devoted to her daughter, Sabine Revel, who for *her* daughter, Marie-Louise, will immolate everything, including Mme. Fontenais and herself. This motive of sacrifice is sounded constantly through the play, thus recalling the martyrdom stories of Balzac and the cumulative blows of Dumas *fils*, whose influence also seems responsible for a too evident arrangement of the minor characters around the same theme, and for certain speeches of a *raisonneur*. But this excess of demonstration hampers only the first act, after which the movement is natural, concentrated, inevitable. Sabine successively loses, for her daughter's sake, an opportunity for remarriage, her self-respect, and her own mother. She sends away her American suitor rather than compromise the fortune of Marie-Louise. But the latter immediately marries, and, as a result of her husband's difficulties, she instigates Sabine to write to the American, imploring aid. The next sacrifice, vainly attempted, is where Sabine forges the name of Mme. Fontenais, in order to realize on bonds. Finally, for the health of Marie-Louise, Sabine drags the old lady to an altitude which is dangerous for her heart. The grandmother dies, the daughter leaves her mother, and the latter is left alone.

Each step in this poignant drama seems necessitated. It is as cruel and keen as nature, whose processes it depicts as inexorable and unlovely. The money-question introduces the modern note, but the ancient sense of doom still pervades the play. It is the most impressive, the widest in appeal that the author has written. It has already been twice revived, with Mme. Réjane still in the leading rôle.

In "Théroigne de Méricourt" (1902), written for Sarah Bernhardt's theatre, Hervieu achieved success in a field not peculiarly his own—the large historical "machine," inaugurated by the Romanticists, and recently represented by Mendès and Rostand. In "Le Dédale" (1903), our author returns to the triangle and to the hard situation of French women in the matter of divorce. A woman, divorcée for adequate reasons, remarries and is then attracted back to her former hus-

band. As in "Les Tenailles," the child again appears as a great influence, and finally as the solving feature for the heroine. As for the men, they perish by the will and strength of the second husband. We have not only the legal, but also the Catholic view of divorce as personified respectively in the father and the mother of the woman. The former allows remarriage—but not with the first husband. The latter regards marriage as indissoluble, and so condones Marianne's return to her first husband, whom she should never have left. Marianne appears as a new Phèdre, jealous and passionate. The *dénouement* through the death of the men has been criticised, but seems indicated in that Marianne could never live satisfactorily with either husband, and is left with the love of her child.

Subsequent plays are "Le Réveil" (1905), "Modestie" (1909), "Connais-toi" (1909), and "Bagatelle" (1912). Of these, "Connais-toi" may be selected for especial mention. It is interesting as showing how a psychological crisis may still be capably handled within the limits of the three unities. It develops a theme already used in "Le Réveil"—the unknown and dormant depths of character revealed under stress. A severe, uncompromising general urges a friend to use vigorous measures towards an unfaithful wife. When it is discovered that the corespondent is the son of the general himself, the latter slackens in his zeal. He abandons altogether his severe attitude on the discovery that his own wife, repelled by his harshness, has been listening to the wooing of a better man. Thus Hervieu, who stands for a logical rigor derived from Henry Becque and Dumas *fils*, exhibits towards the end a more philosophic charity and a mellower dramatic touch.

His style went through the opposite process. Obscure and affected in the novels and the earlier plays, it struggles forth towards a clearer expression, a closer relation with dramatic necessities in his best work. Still, there remain traces of difficulty, especially in the first acts, and of an over-literary, flowery tendency, like that of Lavedan. But in the strongest portions of his theatre, the language becomes simply the algebra of a direct mathematical demonstration. "The play's the thing." Yet his prose generally maintains a classic elegance in precision and an effect of elevated harmony.

His main idea is that society and individuals are tainted with grievous failings which laws can scarcely remedy. In the operations of the latter so much hard injustice is wrought, paticularly on women, that human motives seem preferable to their correctives. Consequently, Hervieu is not a social propagandist or apostle of the type of Brieux. He is interested rather in individuals, he is a feminist and an aristocrat. Rarely pathetic on his own account, he yet apparently commiserates, like Racine, the plight of his tempest-driven heroines. Their hope, their future, is bound up more with children than with husbands, and this solution is emphasized in at least four plays.

He conceives each small group of people as fatally gripped together ("Les Tenailles"), as squeezed inexorably in a vise, according to Faguet's figure, or as drifting, at daggers' ends, on a raft that is headed for destruction. It is true that Fatality is represented with a countenance of more concentrated grimness than she ordinarily wears.

Hervieu is certainly a very distinguished dramatist. The *pièce rosse*, the deliberate indulgence in cynicism, is absent from his system; he knows better than to limelight high tragedy with the knowing leer of the *boulevardier*. He is distinguished in the refinement of his language, the breeding of his characters, the delicacy of his analysis and sentiment. Ironic rather than tender, philosophical rather than social, aloof from the grosser discords, he has slowly elaborated this series of painfully powerful tragedies, depicting in classical form the ultra-modern conflicts of the One and the Many, beauty and the beast, the law and the lady.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, November 19.

Literature

IS WAR EVER JUSTIFIED?

Evolution and the War. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: Dutton & Co. $1 net.

The World Crisis and Its Meaning. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The International Crisis in Its Ethical and Psychological Aspects. Lectures by Various Writers. London: Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

The Soul of Germany. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen. 1 shilling net.

The War and Its Issues. By John Oman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 90 cents net.

The first books on the war—written at the beginning of the great struggle—concerned themselves almost exclusively with its immediate causes and with the question where the direct responsibility for it lay. We were all so dazed by the suddenness of the catastrophe that most of us could only ask whom to blame; and those who found it possible to write were too busy answering our questions to have any leisure for philosophic reflection upon the broader aspects of the problem. The last year and a quarter, however, has brought opportunity for thought; and the books now appearing upon the war are coming to view the question in its wider relationships. Of the six books under review, not one deals with the immediate causes of the struggle.

The title which Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has chosen for his book would be more descriptive had he left out the article; for it is war in general and its relation to the Darwinian theory that he discusses. Dr. Mitchell is a zoölogist of note, as well as a patriotic Briton, and it is in both capacities that he feels moved to challenge the view of German militarists (and of many other militarists nearer home) that war is a fundamental law of nature, and that (in Bernhardi's words) "this great verity has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin." Writing as "a hard-shell Darwinian evolutionist," Dr. Mitchell analyzes this attempt, so popular to-day, to justify war by biology, and concludes that it is quite unscientific. By the "struggle for existence," Darwin did not mean chiefly the violent kind of contest which the popular militaristic view seeks to justify, but rather competition in adjustment to environment. Nor is it scientific to speak of modern nations as if they were "units of the same order as the units of the animal and vegetable kingdom from which the law of struggle for existence is a supposed inference." Darwin's "struggle for existence" takes place chiefly *within* species and among individuals; and the nations of Europe are not even biological divisions of the human race. Modern war, in short, is so different in every way from the struggle which Darwinism finds in Nature that the two things have little but a name in common; and to seek to justify one of them by the other is a cheap and flimsy piece of argument from analogy.

If Dr. Mitchell dips below the surface, Dr. Adler's work is fundamental. In fact, the advertisement on the cover of "The World Crisis and Its Meaning" says: "This volume is not a war book, but primarily a work on social ethics." While this is true, the chief interest of the book for most of its readers will lie in the large way in which its author treats the fundamental questions involved in the war. Essentially the volume *is* a war book, and one of the right kind, though very different in nature from most books on the war. Things like the ultimatum of Austria, the mobilization of Russia, the violation of Belgian neutrality, the author tells us, bulk too large in our view, "and we forget or relegate to a secondary place the really most vital question of all, namely, What blame ought to attach to *all* the belligerents, to those who in this immediate contest have the larger measure of justice on their side, and to those who have not? —the question, *What is wrong in our civilization as a whole?* What deep flaw penetrates it to its core? What is the radical cause that has led to this universal strife?"

This radical cause is not to be found in particular acts of men or governments, nor even in the militarism of Germany or of Europe. Far behind militarism and explaining it is the selfish blindness of nationalism and individualism, which are unable and unwilling to take any point of view but their own or to recognize the importance of other people's values. "We are witnessing a vast struggle of the types of civilization with one another, each claiming superlative and exclusive values for itself, and therefore intolerant of the existence and claims of the others. Each of the great stocks that are at war is fighting for its supremacy in the belief that on its supremacy depends the existence of the mental pattern which it cherishes above all else—above peace, above pecuniary prosperity, above the millions who are sacrificed in the conflict." "And yet it is so plain that no one type of civilization as yet achieved by any of the nations of the world is perfect or exclusive. They not

only can, and should, exist side by side, but each requires the others to supplement its defects." "We have dwelt too long upon the cosmopolitan ideal of the likeness subsisting underneath the differences that distinguish men from one another. We must insist, as we have never yet done, on respect for the differences themselves, on the right of men and of nations to be unlike ourselves, on our obligation not only to tolerate, but to welcome the differences, recognizing their fruitful interdependence and seeking to achieve their eventual harmony. This is the new conception of human brotherhood, without which war and the preparation for war will not cease."

The strong nations of the world have been doing everything they could during the years of peace preceding this war to make this necessary tolerance of differences hard if not impossible. They have vied with one another in intolerance, as may be seen in their treatment of the "lower races." And it is merely the spirit of the "white man's burden" that has now transferred the struggle for dominance to Europe itself. There is little hope for international justice among the strong unless there be established international justice as between the strong and the weak. "The sinister spirit of aggression on the part of the strong against the weak" is the poison that has permeated our whole system of international relations, and there can be no change for the better until the poison is driven out.

How may the war spirit, resting upon such deep-lying foundations, be attacked? Dr. Adler has several suggestions to make. As more superficial remedies he proposes an international conference, whenever peace seems endangered, to be made up not only of representatives of the governments, but "of representatives of the laboring class, of the manufacturing class, of the chambers of commerce, of the agriculturists, of the universities, of each country—say, two for each of the groups mentioned within each nation." This would give some opportunity for the two peoples to come better to understand each other's points of view. Some kind of international law-making body is also advocated, consisting of representatives of the peoples. But the fundamental evil, of course, cannot be rooted out by any sort of mechanism. It lies in the heart of man, and there it must be met and dealt with. Only the substitution of a far-reaching *good-will* for the present provincial selfishness can bring about the permanent peace that we long for.

"The International Crisis in Its Ethical and Psychological Aspects" has for its subtitle "Lectures Delivered in February and March, 1915, by Eleanor M. Sidgwick, Gilbert Murray, A. C. Bradley, L. P. Jacks, G. F. Stout, B. Bosanquet, under the scheme for Imperial Studies in the University of London, at Bedford College for Women." The brilliant galaxy of authors here brought together makes the reader approach the book with much the same feelings of keen anticipation with which the theatre-goer takes a ticket for an "all-star performance." The result, however, is somewhat disappointing. The first of the authors begins her lecture by confessing that she is entirely without such special knowledge on anything connected with her subject as would enable her to speak about it with authority, and although most of the six authors are distinguished in the field of ethics or in that of psychology, few of them seem to have anything original to contribute on the Ethical and Psychological Aspects of the War. That does not mean that the papers lack interest, as readers of the *Atlantic* can testify; for two of them have appeared in that periodical, namely, Gilbert Murray's "Herd Instinct and the War," and L. P. Jacks's "The Changing Mind of a Nation at War." And nearly all the papers show that unwillingness to exaggerate the virtues of one's own nation, and that calmly objective view and earnest desire to be fair in judging one's adversary, which are distinctively English. Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet both go out of their way to defend German philosophy against the attacks that have been made upon it by those English, French, and American writers who have suddenly discovered that there never has been and never can possibly be anything good in Germany. And Professor Stout devotes his lecture (which is easily the best of the six) to a very able analysis of the precept, "Love your enemies." Is it ethically wrong to hate the enemies of one's country? asks the Professor. And his answer is emphatically in the affirmative. Hatred is evil, but it must be carefully distinguished from just resentment or righteous indignation. It is evil "inasmuch as it is blind, inasmuch as it perpetuates at a higher level the original blind and undiscriminating character of the primitive emotion of animal anger. . . . It blinds us to the fact that the essential good of man is to be sought in union with his fellowman and impels us to maintain disunion with them and to seek our highest good in hurting and destroying them." It is true that Germany has been blinded in just this way. "But if this is taken to imply that the German people is much worse by nature in this respect than other peoples, I must disagree. I doubt whether under like historical conditions any people would have done better." This sentence is typical of the author's openmindedness; and throughout the lecture Professor Stout tries to make his hearers see the German point of view, and, while not lessening their grim determination to "see the thing through to the end," urges upon them the avoidance of that determination to be blind to all possible virtues in one's adversary which is the essence of hatred.

A very different type of book is Dr. Smith's "The Soul of Germany." Its aim, in fact, may be said to be the very reverse of Professor Stout's. Dr. Smith lived for twelve years in Germany as instructor in gymnasium and university, and during all that time apparently failed to find a single redeeming feature in the German character. German homes are uncomfortable, ill-aired, and inhospitable. "Although the writer is a sincere admirer of Germany's splendid system of schools," he has hardly a good word to say for them. He singles out, instead, all their unfortunate and un-English (and hence ridiculous) aspects, to tickle the palates of his fellow-countrymen. Much the same is true of his chapter on German Universities—whose sub-heading is High-Schools of Kultur and Brutality. "Germans," he assures us, "are naturally quarrelsome." The German state makes it impossible for any of them to be gentlemen. German social life is "hollow, unsatisfactory, and lonely." Every-day intercourse in the Fatherland is lacking in true feeling, and is characterized by "superficiality, mistrust, and hard-heartedness." Germans are not even "sentimental"—for "officialdom, militarism, and intellectualism, as well as financial prosperity, have all done their part in restraining the growth or in obliterating the finer feelings." The Germans are notably lacking in sympathy, chivalry, and gratitude. In fact, "the only virtues which could be unreservedly ascribed to the German are obedience and thrift." "In summing up Germans are characterized by unbounded vanity, love of secrecy, morbid sensitiveness, envy, absence of consideration for others, a strong tendency to revert to the ape and tiger; Germans lack true sentiment and affection, but have a remarkable inclination to reckless brutal self-assertion."

It may be desirable from military considerations to lash the British lion into fury; but it is hard to conceive how a book like "The Soul of Germany" can do anything but harm. One can only hope that its readers will be few, and that those few will refuse to be prodded into the very attitude of blind hate which they are urged to despise in their enemies.

Sir Oliver Lodge's "The War and After" is characteristic of the man. Having cleared up for us most questions of science, philosophy, and religion, of this world and the next, he now enlightens his readers on every aspect of the present war that he can think of, whether it be historical, political, social, economic, ethical, or religious. Most of his book is merely a rehash of what has been said much better by various previous writers—from whom he quotes extensively. But it would be unfair to Sir Oliver to imply that he *merely* reproduces other people's opinions; for he is a thinker as well as a wide reader, and has views of his own. Among other subjects, he has views on a question that has occupied several of the other writers whose books are under review—namely, the proper mental attitude towards the enemies of one's country. Non-resistance, he reminds us, is not the only lesson taught by Christianity. "When there was a revolt in Heaven, orthodox people are given to understand that it was put down by suitable means, by contest and violence, in other words, by war. It was not tolerated nor treated leniently. . . . When a nation has behaved as the German nation

has behaved we are justified in sharing with the Highest a blaze of righteous anger, and we are summoned to the activities which accompany such anger." We should indeed love our enemies. But "to love people as ourselves does not mean to be uncritical towards them or to refrain from blaming or punishing them. But it does mean trying to understand, to see their point of view, to rejoice at any spark of good and of honorable conduct which may be detected. In so far as there are none such—approbation and affection would be utterly misplaced." A conclusion which in theory seems to agree with Professor Stout, and in fact with Dr. Smith.

To love your enemies is in practice a difficult matter; and to adjust and, if possible, to harmonize the claims of Christianity and patriotism is not easy, even in theory. No one has seen more clearly into the real difficulties of the situation than Mr. John Oman; and in no book that has come under the reviewer's notice have the relations between these seemingly rival loyalties been better stated than in Mr. Oman's "The War and Its Issues." How far the real problem is from coming home to the average ecclesiastic is indicated in one of the early pages: "If one were to judge by such outward manifestations as the tone of the religious press, resolutions at ecclesiastical gatherings, sermons on the war, occasional deliverances of persons prominent in the religious world, and by the frequency with which in private gatherings the religious official is the most belligerent person present, no kind of problem exists for the religious mind to solve. To defend the political justice of our cause, not without satisfaction that a good thousand years of Christianity have passed over our enemies in vain, would appear to be the sole religious task. And the sounder the orthodoxy the less the sense of any possibility of conflict between war and Christianity or any sense that the causes of the war may be deeper than politics and be in the idolatry of riches and pleasure, and private disregard to obligations, and blindness to the claims of poverty and need."

A man to whom the whole matter has seemed, from the beginning, perfectly simple, and who has never been perplexed over the moral aspect of the war, may be sure that he has never squarely faced the problem. For on the one hand, no one can doubt that the war presents tremendous moral issues; and if a man's Christianity prevent him from taking any part in it or lending all his forces to the cause he considers the righteous cause, that man's Christianity is unimportant and insignificant in the moral world. Yet on the other hand, Mr. Oman insists, the whole of Christian teaching is opposed to the *spirit* of violence; and neither the solution of the problem quoted above from Sir Oliver Lodge nor that of Professor Stout is fully satisfactory. "The matter does not end with precepts, which might have their justification in the occasion, so that, while they might be absolute as against personal rancour, they might not be absolute as against moral indignation; or, while they might be absolute against personal injury, they might not apply to the oppression of others or to public resistance to an act which wrongs humanity. A more general and a more impressive consideration springs from the nature of the kingdom of God as righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such a combination of righteousness and peace and joy in spiritual blessings is presented as possible, precisely because their security is not by might nor by power, but by God's Spirit, because the strong thing in the world in the end is not violence, but the sacrifice and service of love." "How is our kindly nature changed!" Many of us have known the Germans as generous and warm-hearted friends, "yet in these days we hear with ever-diminishing pain that two thousand of them have gone to the bottom or that their casualties are to be numbered in millions. Can a strife which breeds in us such a temper be rightly regarded with anything except detestation and horror?"

The question at issue is too complex for any simple solution. It involves both one's immediate attitude towards the present struggle and one's relation to the wider considerations. There can be no doubt that it is one's duty to fight for one's country if thoroughly convinced that one's country stands in the large for spiritual freedom, and that only by defending it can one defend that cause from a foe who respects only force. To say this "is not to hold life a light possession or war a small evil, but it is to hold that there are worse evils than war—moral surrenders against which one must contend even to blood, and it may be the blood of others as well as our own."

Such a view is not in contravention to the teachings of Christianity. It embodies their very spirit. The real doctrine of "non-resistance" as Christ meant it is still in force, and from it one may derive at least these four applications for our present guidance: "(1) We should never accept war as eternally necessary. . . . (2) We must never consent to fight merely for a material triumph. . . . (3) We can have no part in any gospel of hate, as if at the present time the Germans were mere fiends in human shape. . . . (4) We should recognize that a peace to be abiding must be established in righteousness and a sense of mutual benefit and good-will." For no victory of arms is ultimate, and the real victory of righteousness cannot come by might or by power, but only by the spread of the spirit of love. When thus regarded, the present war—and, in fact, war in general—will be seen to be, not an isolated fact, but merely a simple expression of a larger evil. The important struggle is not between Germany and England, nor even between militarism and pacifism, but ultimately between the material and the spiritual. And this struggle goes on within each of the countries now at war, and through all the years of peace, as well as in war time. "All who live for position, money, or any kind of material power, are involved in the tyranny of immoral force as much as if they were fighting in an unjust and predatory war."

The ultimate solution of our problem demands, moreover, that the State shall be regarded as subordinate to the welfare of humanity, and that our first loyalty should be not to it, but to mankind. This does not mean that the state must cease to exist, but that it "must find itself by losing itself in a higher fellowship and in serving a larger purpose than its own, and upon that subjection all its security as an organization for justice and freedom depends."

In short, "a Christian is a member of a society which represents the kingdom of God. That, at least, means a rule not established by force, and a peace victory in war cannot give nor defeat take away. And he belongs to it by faith, which means he has rejoiced to see for himself that to the methods of the kingdom of God all might ultimately belongs. This society he finds wherescever two or three of any nationality are met in Christ's name. To meet in His name means to believe in the powers in which He believed and to use them by the service of love He rendered."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Path of Life. By Stijn Streuvels. Translated from the West-Flemish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Later Life. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is always a pleasure to take up fresh work by this translator. One may be sure that his material will not be trifling, and that he will have dealt skilfully with it. He has almost uniform success in rendering the atmosphere of exotic literary art without doing violence to English idiom. And he seems to work always with enthusiasm. The two Netherlandish writers whom he here conveys—and, it is not too much to say, interprets—are, to begin with, objects of his admiration. Of "Stijn Streuvels," who first comes before English readers in these tales, his opinion seems, on the evidence, somewhat extravagant. "Stijn Streuvels," he says, "is accepted, not only in Belgium, but also in Holland, as the most distinguished Low-Dutch author of our time; his vogue, indeed, is even greater in the North Netherlands than in the southern kingdom. And I will go further and say that I know no greater living writer of imaginative prose in any land or any language."

The writer who calls himself Stijn Streuvels, and whose real name is Frank Lateur, is a native of West Flanders, that little district of little Belgium marked by such names of present omen as Ostend, Bruges, Dixmude, Ypres, and Courtrai. Within a decade he was a baker in a village near Courtrai. He writes in the West Flemish dialect, the tongue of not more than a million persons, but, according to Mr. de

Mattos, a speech of uncommon richness and power. The tales and sketches here collected are of peasant life, most of them concerned with the sorrows and the hardly less pathetic pleasures of peasant children. Some of the shortest among them, like "In a Squall" and "A Pipe or No Pipe," are especially poignant. Two longer tales, "White Life" and "The End," interpret with grim and unsparing realism certain typical episodes of adult experience. Power is here, not only of keen sight, but of inner vision; though the scope of the group is not sufficient to impress the reader as a larger acquaintance with the author's work has impressed the translator.

"The Later Life" is the second of the four "Books of the Small Souls," the later volumes of which Mr. de Mattos has now in hand. It carries on the family chronicle begun in "Small Souls," which appeared in English something more than a year ago. Couperus also is a recorder of facts, the minute facts which make up the experience of a group of ordinary people. But his minute facts are not set down haphazard, or for their own sake. One may say that the facts of his choice are themselves interpreters of these small souls of our study. And our guide, ruthlessly as he exposes their pettiness, seems to invite us, not to sneer at it, but to muse upon it in all kindness and sympathy. Addie, now a boy of fifteen, remains the strongest figure of the group. That strange wisdom and commonsense which as a child gave him authority over his childlike parents, have grown with his growth. He has saved them from each other; now by merely being what he is, he brings out of each of them, against the strongest temptation towards individual happiness for them both, unexpected elements of strength which in the end save them from themselves. Through the hapless passion of the father for simple little Marianne, and of the mother for the dreamer Brauws, they seem on the way to the fulfilment of their natures. Addie himself consents to his parents' separation; but there he is, and to him, at the moment of crisis, both of them are bound more closely, not by duty (as the conventional situation would have it), but by love, than to anything else in the world or out of it. The translator says that in this book Couperus reverts to an earlier "sensitivist" method which he did not use in "Small Souls" or in the third and fourth novels of the series, "The Twilight of the Souls" and "Dr. Adriaan." We trust the warmer human quality of this chapter may not be traceable to a lapse!

The Proving of Virginia. By Daisy Rhodes Campbell. Boston: The Page Co.

This bright story of college life and after has for theme an idea which has been treated numberless times since Louisa M. Alcott's "An Old-Fashioned Girl"—the conception of a fresh young woman of unsophisticated training thrown into contact with a group of more experienced and worldly-wise young people, but maintaining her unspoiled personality through all vicissitudes, and emerging into well-rounded womanhood at the end. The didacticism of the book is implicit rather than expressed, and lies in the wholesomeness of the principal character, who is drawn with delicacy as well as warmth. If there is a certain commonplaceness about the incidents chosen to depict the development of Virginia Hammond, this but harmonizes with the naturalness of the narrative, and never results in dulness. Half the book is given over to a description of college days—games, dances, and study. It is upon Virginia's emergence that the test to which the title refers comes, in the shape of family losses which make impossible a continuation of the musical study, and which force her to begin playing in public to earn her living. How she pursues her ambition, despite disappointments, hardships, and sundry offers of marriage, how she manages to cultivate social cheerfulness, and disseminate some of it, and how she finally wins her coveted course of study abroad, complete the story. The young men of the novel are without exception priggish, and the older personages, such as the lyceum managers and other folk with whom Virginia comes into contact in her professional work, are mere shadows. But the centre of the stage is always occupied by the group of young girls, and they want neither vitality nor geniality. The victorious career of Virginia, who is not too far idealized to be real, should carry inspiration to almost any youthful reader, and a certain amount of entertainment to adults. The style of the narrative too often lacks due dignity.

The Little Iliad. By Maurice Hewlett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Of the details of the plot of Mr. Hewlett's latest book it is unnecessary to speak at length. It is a story of the skilled social fencing that can be carried on in little groups of the European élite when met in one or another of the aristocratic centres of Italy, Switzerland, or Southern France. The personages are chiefly English and German, but nationality plays no part in the narrative. There is a sufficiency of sharp characterization, and this, with the cultivated style which distinguishes all Mr. Hewlett's work, is the chief merit of the book. Helen, or Helena, as she is called, is a young Austrian baroness of sedate but winning type. The Menelaus is a disagreeable and contemptible old satyr, who plays the villain's part in the piece; the Priam is a silly and tiresome fellow; the Hector is far more attractive, but is annoyingly faddish and impulsive. Paris takes the chief place in the action, but for a hero he is a very insipid gentleman. Inasmuch as there is no Hecuba or Andromache, Helena has two extra lovers to her string, and upon it she keeps them all through three hundred pages. Our interest is never keenly enlisted in the fate of any of her suitors, and it is this fact which prevents an unpleasant ending from being intolerably so; for her final marriage is not, as we have been led to expect, with Paris or with Hector, but with Hector's father, old Theseus—and an extraordinarily ill-assorted one it is.

HISTORIC NEW YORK.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York: Journeys To-day by Ways of Yesterday Within Thirty Miles Around the Battery. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Few subjects probably awaken a more fleeting interest in the bosom of the average New Yorker than historic New York. His daily rush along the island in the tube or on the elevated, with eyes glued to the morning paper, endows him with a perfect obliviousness to the past. The preoccupations of the moment render him blissfully indifferent to the early stages of the development he is furthering. His recreations are of a nonchalantly episodic and unpremeditated character. An evening at the musical show, an afternoon at the ball-game, an occasional visit to the theatre probably exhaust his normal relaxations away from the apartment. The country cousin may rouse him to a trip to the museums, the parks, and the zoo. But the chances are that the country cousin will shock him with too minute a knowledge of many points of interest of which he has barely heard.

Yet it is the average New Yorker whom Miss Sarah Comstock apparently addresses. In a light and gossipy style far removed from the business-like brevity of Baedeker she endeavors to lure him towards figures and events of the past connected with many vicinities within thirty miles of the Battery. For example, she directs his footsteps to Morningside Heights to trace the Battle of Harlem Heights. Harlem Heights, by the way, she extends southward only to 110th Street, whereas the district was anciently supposed to reach the present 106th Street. With a light-hearted renunciation of exactness, she places St. Luke's Home for Aged Women "on Broadway, north of 113th Street." It is on the corner of 114th Street. By merely mentioning the memorial window on the staircase landing there, possibly she thinks to pique the native's curiosity. The tablet on the Engineering Building at Columbia University she describes thus: "The flags, swords, muskets, and smoke of battle, and heroic figures, are depicted." Does the fear of the guide-book manner restrain her from pointing out in that bronze picture the fallen Major Andrew Leitch, and the valiant Col. Thomas Knowlton with waving sword encouraging his men? Her love of anecdote should have led her to describe the action fully enough to record Knowlton's words, "I do not value my life if we but get the day." The inclusion would be the more natural as she details the patriotic hospitality of Mrs. Lindley Murray in detaining Howe and his men and the concluding action begun in the

buckwheat field on the present grounds of Barnard College.

With such mingled haste and leisure, she describes Dutch homesteads not far from the beaten path to the Mecca of the average New Yorker—Coney Island. She recites many a tale and legend of Staten Island and New Jersey. She moves on around the circle till she reaches the Sound and turns back to the heart of the metropolis. She unaccountably overlooks some opportunities. She often indulges in copious quotation. Nevertheless, she has put together an inspiriting account of the historical and traditional associations with which Gothamites should be familiar. They have a past rich with romantic personages and heroic deeds. They have outgrown and also forgotten their picturesque development. They too seldom seek out the memorials of an elder age yet lingering to refresh one with their quaintness or the beauty of their surroundings. The hundred illustrations that garnish Miss Comstock's chatty pages, even though they are but indifferent half-tone reproductions of photographs, should entice many to a personal accquaintance with the originals. Two maps clarify her accounts (wherein may be found Patterson, N. J., endowed with two t's). Besides, although hers is in no sense a guidebook such as the one compiled for the City History Club, a group of itineraries makes easy for the enthusiast journeys by trolley or on foot, and an index will enable the curious to scan among her four hundred pages those dwelling on any topic. Even if the volume should prove futile in its aim of drawing forth the inhabitant of Manhattan or Brooklyn from the rush of his daily routine, it may at any rate entice the more leisurely and less preoccupied denizen of Iowa or Texas to inspect on his summer visits the relics at Morristown or explore the haunts of Sleepy Hollow.

ARGENTINA OF TO-DAY.

The Real Argentine: Notes and Impressions of a Year in the Argentine and Uruguay. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

It hardly needs to be said that the Argentine Republic is so different from all other Spanish-American countries that it is in a class by itself. Its climate, its vast fertile plains, its agricultural and pastoral possibilities, remind one more of our own Mississippi Valley than any other part of the world. Furthermore, there is no country among our neighbors to the south that can compare with Argentina in quality of population. Peru, Bolivia, and the other Andean republics are permanently handicapped by the great preponderance of native Indian stock. Brazil has too many negroes and too few Europeans in proportion to her size and extent. Argentina alone has a very small percentage of the so-called "backward races of mankind" and a very large percentage of virile European stock. This, in addition to her climate, her soil, and the ease with which her systems of transportation are extended, gives her a tremendous advantage. No other country in the world to-day is more likely to make great advances in the next twenty-five years than Argentina. Since the war began we have begun to purchase her foodstuffs in ever increasing quantities. A few years ago it was said that we could not increase our exports to Argentina because we bought so little from her. Now the reverse is true, and we do not begin to pay for what we import with what we sell her.

Authors and publishers have not been slow in grasping the significance of Argentina's greatness, and more books have been published about that country in the last ten years than about Brazil and Chili combined. Yet most of these books are either compilations of old standard encyclopædic material or tales of casual travellers. It is decidedly refreshing to encounter the present informing and fair-minded volume. Mr. Hammerton has taken advantage of a year's residence in Argentina and the skill acquired in a lifetime of literary effort (particularly in studies of Stevenson) to give us that unusual combination, a travel book of literary merit.

Some of the characterizations are delightful. Those who have been in Buenos Aires will appreciate the author's description of far-heralded, fashionable Palermo as "a great dusty meeting of wide roads." Those who have been disappointed in their first sight of the Southern Cross will agree with his remark that it is "a lop-sided and unimpressive group of four stars." There are a few mistakes. The Brazilian *milreis* is not worth 54 cents (p. 23), but only about half that. Though it is true that the theoretical value of the gold milreis is 54 cents in United States currency, the actual value of the current milreis varies from 22 to 27 cents. The figures given in United States currency for the cost of living in Rio are therefore misleading, and should be reduced by at least 50 per cent. The pictures are excellent and new. Unfortunately, they seldom illustrate the immediate text.

An Englishman, Mr. Hammerton is yet not partial to his countrymen, and is ready to praise admirable qualities in strangers. For instance, he says, regarding modern building construction in Buenos Aires: "It would be impossible to find more inspiring examples of human energy and ingenuity in the face of extraordinary difficulties than in the erection of these great buildings." He praises the temperance of the Argentines, and adds the candid *obiter dictum:* "If ever one saw a face that had been made repulsive by drink, a nose that was reddening with malt, it was invariably the guilty possession of a Britisher." A systematic study of the Argentines has resulted in giving him a real insight into their character. He lays stress on their most admirable trait, strength of the family tie, and that intense feeling of family pride which enables any unfortunate member of a clan to be sure of the immediate sympathy and practical help of his relatives. "What we consider generosity," says the author, "the Argentine brother-in-law regards as a simple duty, and there is hardly a limit to what he will do in the shape of service to the family of his dead brother."

Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the keen comment on business conditions. Though it is true that the possibilities of the Argentine Republic are colossal, and its power of recuperation after ruined harvests and the destruction of cattle and sheep amazing, Mr. Hammerton finds that enormous sums of money are annually being wasted. It has been very easy to borrow from Europe, and these heavy borrowings have led to general extravagance:

> Right through the Argentine this spirit of borrowing prevails. They are a nation of borrowers; and in all ranks of society—by which is meant the various divisions graded according to the supposed dimensions of their banking accounts or their credit—the one notion of doing business is by drawing on the Bank of the Future.

The ease with which the Republic has been able to borrow and the avidity with which foreign manufacturers have rushed into the market, and more particularly the readiness with which the Argentine people are willing to burden themselves with responsibilities, make it all the more important for our business men to practice caution rather than boldness in approaching this, the richest and most attractive field in South America. Although the Argentine offers almost unequalled opportunities and will give a rich return for intelligence, industry, and honest merit, it is a field that should be entered only after thorough understanding of the difficulties. Such an understanding cannot be obtained by the official visitor or the widely heralded Chamber-of-Commerce tourist.

Honesty is a quality that does not bulk unduly in South American character. Having had peculiar opportunities of testing the honesty of the general public throughout the Argentine, Uruguay, and Chili, and having listened to all sorts of local and foreign stories about the shameless disregard for the ordinary usages of decent straightforward business, said to be characteristic of one country more than another, I am persuaded that there is little to choose in this matter between South Americans in general.

But the author candidly adds that "in Buenos Aires it takes very little searching indeed to discover Englishmen as dishonest and unworthy of trust as any scoundrelly native." Furthermore, he admits that he found among the native population a high percentage of men of the strictest commercial integrity, even though feeling bound to confess that "the business world teems with minor employees who have been guilty of all sorts of thefts and dishonest practices, but whom employers have not prosecuted because conviction is so difficult to secure and legal expenses are so heavy." This Mr. Hammerton thinks is the real reason for the feeling of low morality in business; namely, the laxness of the law and the difficulty of obtaining justice.

Just at the present time, when we are

hearing so much about the necessity for increasing our trade with South America and the importance and necessity of extending long and liberal credits, when we find statesmen like ex-Senator Burton urging us to make investments in South America and give liberal assistance in the matter of loans, it is most important that our business men should read carefully the fearless opinions of this Englishman who knows so well the chief business centre of South America.

Mr. Hammerton has a clear perception of two of the difficulties in the way of our increasing our trade in Latin America. He tells us truly that:

> It is the misfortune of the United States that not a few of its citizens who have gone south in search of "Spanish gold" have not always been noted for their business rectitude. The result is that, while *palabra inglésa* has become an accepted phrase in the language of the country, so has *yanqui bluff*, which may be said to stand for any sort of crookedness.

Finally, he emphasizes the necessity in our international acts of proving to the business men of the southern continent that we "are actuated by nothing but the strongest desire to cultivate a friendly commercial intercourse and an increasing exchange of commodities between the North and the South."

Altogether this is the best book on the Argentine, and in particular on Buenos Aires, that has appeared in recent years.

Notes

"Vive La France," by E. Alexander Powell, will be published shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes this month "David Penstephen," by Richard Pryce.

The following volumes are announced for publication to-day by the Macmillan Co.: "Women at The Hague," by Jane Addams and others; "Making the Movies," by Ernest Dench; "Six French Poets," by Amy Lowell; "A Handbook of Weaves," by G. H. Oelsner and Samuel S. Dale.

A representative committee, headed by ex-President Taft, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to the late Robert C. Ogden in commemoration of the unique services which he rendered to the cause of education in the South. The Southern Education Board, which has done so much for the advancement of Southern schools, was constituted under Mr. Ogden's leadership, and he was for forty years a trustee of Hampton Institute, for twenty years president of its board. It is proposed that the memorial shall fittingly take the form of an auditorium at this institute. The sum required is $100,000, of which, we are informed, one-third has already been contributed by a few of Mr. Ogden's friends. The committee now appeals to the public to subscribe the balance. Inquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to the Executive Secretary of the Robert C. Ogden Memorial Committee, Mr. Sydney Dodd Frissell, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

William S. Walsh has supplemented his former convenient volume of reference on "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction" found in modern prose and poetry with one bearing the same title, but dealing with classical, mediæval, and legendary heroes (Philadelphia: Lippincott). The dividing line between the two volumes, the author tells us in his preface, is, "roughly speaking," the year 1500, but there are inevitable instances of overlapping, as in the case of Captain Kidd, who belongs historically to the former volume, but, as a legendary character of piracy, is included in the present one. Are we wrong in assuming that similar reasons, legendary and piratical, account for the inclusion of so up-to-date a saint as Tammany, "a corruption of Tamenund, the tutelary patron of a branch of the Democratic party in New York politics"? "Tradition," continues our author cautiously, "represents him as a wise and just ruler over his tribe." Within the defined limits of the book it is not easy to see what principle of inclusion or exclusion is employed. Obviously some standard of selection was necessary if the book was to be kept within reasonable bounds, but why, for instance, of the Virgilian heroes, is Anchises included, but not Ascanius? Cross-references could be used to better advantage: Numa Pompilius is mentioned under the heading Egeria, but is not to be found under either Numa or Pompilius. This matter of cross-reference is important; a book of this kind is intended particularly for those of treacherous memory, and such a memory, recalling Numa Pompilius, might easily find itself eluded by the name of the nymph with whom he consorted, or of the grove in which the two met. These instances are revealed in a cursory testing of the volume. Apart from blemishes of this kind—and we readily concede that some imperfections are bound to occur in a volume of this nature—Mr. Walsh's book will be found exceedingly convenient for reference. We have discovered only one serious misprint, Stetsichorus for Stesichorus, on page 296.

One need not be an admirer of John Muir to be thoroughly entertained by the lively pages of "Alaska Days with John Muir" (Revell; $1 net), by S. Hall Young. The author is a minister who, as a close friend, accompanied Muir on some of his canoe trips of exploration in Alaska: he will be endeared to the sentimental as the owner of "Stickeen." This little book, the record of these trips, is written in a style animated and vivid without being journalistic—a style not unlike that of the lover of glaciers himself. Exciting narratives abound; apt description of Nature in her forlornly beautiful aspects—description never unduly protracted—is usually capped with Muir's "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" or the more cogent "My God!" The Muir of this book is the familiar vibrant personality; one day, for example, he was away from camp, alone, for seventeen hours, "with only a bite of bread to eat, and never rested a minute of that time, but was battling with the storm all day and often racing at full speed across the glacier, yet he got up at daylight the next morning, breakfasted with me, and was gone all day again." There is a genuinely thrilling account of the author's all but losing his life by dislocating both shoulders and almost sliding over a precipice. Muir, the superhuman, rescued him: "holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my iron-shod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, yet he did it!"

In "The Soul of Europe," (Dodd, Mead; $3 net), Dr. Joseph McCabe studies carefully the historical growth of the national temper of the several belligerent states. He scouts the notion of race—as advanced by Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain—as a chief factor in national psychology. He has little difficulty in showing that as regards all the warring nations the idea of race has no biological validity. Nationality rests not on blood but on common moral environment and common political training. "The Slav and the Teuton are not born, but made, or, to be accurate, the preponderating influence is that of the moral and mental environment into which they are born." Physical environment is, in Dr. McCabe's opinion, a relatively unimportant factor in national character; "climatic psychology, as one may call it, is in the main a piece of superficial nonsense. The fact that the work of civilization was conducted for thousands of years in a latitude far south of Europe, and that the more vigorous nations of the north of Europe were the last to be civilized, ought to impose a check on these superficial speculations." The case is cogently argued, and the book should do much good in weakening the racial and deterministic theories of national destiny. Dr. McCabe brings to his task not merely learning, but hard sense. His destructive analysis of the easy theory that Europe can readily be divided along lines of race and speech is exemplary. The tendency of this useful and able book may be summed up in the following extract: "We may discard as foolish and mischievous superstitions all the claims of particular races to innate superiority over others. It will be found in every case that a series of definitely assignable external circumstances have permitted or impelled certain races to advance more than others."

A publication far more important than its brevity would indicate is "La guerre et ses principaux facteurs sociologiques" of Prof. Vilfredo Pareto, of Lausanne (Bologna: Zanichelli, in Italian and French). It is an extract from *Scientia*, an Italian review which sets as its major programme "the counterbalancing of the evil effects of exaggerated specialization in science." It may be unjust perhaps to label Professor Pareto and his colleagues as anti-intellectualists. It is certain only that, with some justice, they emphasize the subordination of certain rational processes to a fundamental emotion which is blind to opposing reasons and controls will despite the dictates of logic. One might suggest that this method, if followed with sincerity of purpose, might lead to a poise of mind, a sort of academic "neutrality" quite futile in the present crisis, where the man behind the gun has a definite advantage over the man armed solely with an unbiassed intellect. But this is not the conclusion of this article, which attempts rather to call attention to the fact that most of the belligerents "are guided by an abstract love of the right, but by considerations

sympathy for some individuals, or antipathy for others." There is no harm surely in their understanding the real motives of their conduct. By this method the Freudian psychopaths attack common cases of insanity. Who knows but that the same method might bear fruit even when applied to the insanity of the world war? Professor Pareto does not examine the causes and formation of these sympathies and antipathies. Disposing summarily and trenchantly of the principal captions in the hypocritical propagandas of both sides, he passes rather to describe, in some remarkable pages, what these sympathies and antipathies are. In England, France, Italy, and America, he finds a dominant "democratic plutocracy on the way to becoming demagogic plutocracy," a plutocracy, that is, which is hampered, or, if you wish, sustained by the proletarian electorate. In Germany, on the other hand, we have an aristocracy which has subjugated both the sovereign and the plutocracy. The solidarity of Russian despotism with the democratic powers is explained because "Russia is really governed by a bureaucracy, which has more in common with the democratic plutocracies than with the military and aristocratic bureaucracies of Germany and Austria, for in Russia the aristocracy derives its power from the sovereign, whereas in Germany the sovereign depends on the aristocracy, a fundamental difference." Around these differences in social and governmental structure differing types of "faiths" or "emotion" have sprung up, rising from divergent "plutocratic" interests, but also from differing systems of emotional education, or social ideals. Interesting particularly is the author's review of the internal struggles between these dominant "faiths" and opposing "creeds," such as the socialistic, the pacifistic, the humanitarian, all destined, he believes, for ever to be swept away in the rush of the stronger passions of patriotism which have deeper springs in economic interest.

A subsidiary effect of this method of studying the war is to bring the vast production of war literature into true perspective, by showing that it has precisely and only a literary or "metaphysical" value, contributing indeed to sustain the enthusiasms necessary for successful combat, but without scientific or "experimental" worth. But especially it permits us "to see more or less correctly the future course of events." Here the outlook is rather gloomy. "It is an illusion to believe that the present conflict can bring a firm and stable peace. . . . Scarcely a half-century ago (especially after Waterloo) prophets tried to persuade the world that war had become impossible . . . they pointed out its enormous financial cost . . . its terrible destructive effects . . . that current wars appeared only on the confines of civilization against the barbarians . . . that the popular electorate, faithful to the Marxian doctrine, would refuse to fight, acting through ballot, general strike, or sabotage; all this chatter led up to the present slaughter." The author concludes that if the war proves a draw, it will be but a truce; if Germany wins, she will not be able to destroy her foes, but will simply throw them into an alliance with the United States to prepare a future revenge; if the Allies win, they will be no more able to prevent the reconstitution of German militarism than they were after the downfall of Napoleon. A ray of hope appears from the democratic strength in Germany: "Human feelings change but little and that but gradually . . . however, it is by no means impossible that between the Germany of to-day and that of the end of this century there may not be as much difference as between the England of Wellington and the England of Lloyd George. It is probable that the evolution of the democratic and plutocratic régime in the civilized countries will go on, coming to an end only by virtue of its own development and as a result of forces and obstacles arising within from its own nature." Professor Pareto is quite certain that the humanitarian idealism of our progressives is as superficial "emotionally" as socialistic sentiment, the impulse to proletarian solidarity in syndicalism, and so on, no one of which is ever likely to sweep the will of all humanity before it. Is he right? The reviewer, at any rate, while admitting the posteriority of much of our reasoning to emotion and interest, is still inclined to think that that passion has the best chance of becoming dominant which can present the best intellectual defence; and that in the growth of the anti-militarist spirit we find not only materialistic and emotional factors, but also a deal of common-sense.

In the midst of war's alarums, a new edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" should prove not unwelcome reading; of its magic effect one should recall Lamb's remark that a reading is enough to sweeten any man's temper. Apart from the perennial appeal to lovers of the sport, and the interest provoked even at this day by checking up Charles Cotton's classic notes on Fly-fishing, Mr. Marston's attractive edition (Oxford University Press; 1s. 6d. net) is of use to bibliophiles interested in the various editions that have appeared since 1653 of this classic by Byron's "sentimental savage." Mr. Marston estimates these at about 162 editions. The first American reprint appeared at Philadelphia about 1844, inedited, and bearing the imprint of Lippincott. In 1847 Wiley & Putnam, of New York, issued an edition with notes by Bethune, which Mr. Marston considers "one of the best of any." The following year Bethune put forth another New York edition. In 1825 the famous London publisher Pickering, also an ardent angler, issued a watch-pocket edition, the smallest complete edition ever issued, bound in full morocco, 3½ inches in length, and 2 in width, and ⅝ of an inch in thickness. Of interesting editions not the least, says Mr. Marston, is that owned by the well-known American collector of Waltoniana, Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport, which is not mentioned in any bibliography of Walton, and is supposed to be the only known copy. It is inedited, and was published in London by Septimus Powlett in 1826. Mr. Marston's painstaking task is to be welcomed by bibliophiles, and he appeals for any information on reprints that may have escaped his attention.

In the department of theological doctrine, Dr. Charles Harris, in his "Pro Fide" (Dutton; $3.50), offers a defence of natural and revealed religion, the material of which may be described as respectable commonplace. In a more restricted field the appearance of a new edition of Dr. George Salmon's "Infallibility of the Church" (Dutton; $1.25) shows that the interest in this subject has not died out in Protestant circles. There is much good historical matter in this volume, but a full discussion of the subject would show that the assumption of infallibility is not confined to any one religious body, and that the acceptance of the dogma has a constantly diminishing effect on the actual beliefs and life of the religious world. A. S. Hobart's "Transplanted Truths" (Philadelphia: The Griffith & Rowland Press; 75 cents), consists of expository addresses on the Epistle to the Ephesians. The Rev. G. G. Berry's "Commentary on the Psalms" (Ps. 1-50), with the imprimatur of Cardinal Farley (New York: Benziger Bros.; $2), adopts the text of the Latin Vulgate, which, however, is modified here and there in accordance with other ancient versions and modern critical research.

An attractive picture of life in Palestine is given in "The Spell of the Holy Land," by Archie Bell (Boston: The Page Company; $2.50). The author saw many things and observed them closely, and his descriptions may be taken to be generally correct. The style of the narrative is pleasantly familiar and the illustrations are numerous and good. The author has avoided most of the identifications of Bible sites so freely furnished by the guides. The reading of such books of travel should be accompanied by a reference to trustworthy work on the geography of Palestine and the historical material in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha. The following brief compendiums may be mentioned as useful in this regard: "Testing a Nation's Ideals" (a history of Israel to the Assyrian period), by Profs. C. F. Kent and J. W. Jenks; "How to Study the Old Testament," by President F. K. Sanders and H. A. Herman; and an Historical Atlas of Bible Lands, by R. M. Hodge—all published by Scribner.

He who would watch the archæologist at work unearthing and interpreting those relics of bygone civilizations by whose help we are to-day remaking much history, cannot do better than accompany R. Campbell Thompson ("A Pilgrim's Scrip"; Lane; $3.50 net), as, with pick and shovel, his merry men bring to light the long-buried past of nations that strove for mastery in Babylonia, Persia, Egypt, and Arabia, some now in process of reconstitution under the British Raj, some still under the deadening influence of Turkish misrule, and some vanished beneath the sands of the desert. Nor is it only with the past that our author concerns himself. As we follow him on his travels from city to city and from "site" to "site," we meet with the descendants of the mighty dead, fallen, alas, from their high estate, yet strangely like their forebears whom we have known in the pages of Greek and Hebrew historians. There is a weird modernity in the "ancient Babylonian's letter home to his family . . . an inch or two of baked clay impressed with minute characters, enclosed in a clay envelope, scrawled with homesick pleading for news. 'In the name of the gods,' cries one, in a letter to his wife, written about the time of Darius, 'why has news of thee to me been delayed?' And again, 'Why have I not seen a single letter from thee for a whole month?' Or another to his wife called Mouse: 'Be not remiss in the housework, be observant; pray the gods on my behalf and let me speedily have news of thee by some traveller.'" As for history, there is food for thought in the author's moralizing on the great Behistun

inscription that "ends long before the Persian troops fought at Marathon, so that posterity must be satisfied with the one-sided account of the Greeks until some new record comes to light from Jamshyd's courts. . . . Some day this great nation of Persia, where youth was taught to ride and shoot and speak the truth, will be accorded a fairer portion of praise among the comity of proud, ancient peoples." The book is adequately, if not impressively, illustrated.

Mr. Norman Douglas's "Old Calabria" (Houghton Mifflin; $4 net) gives ample evidence that the author has a knowledge of southern Italy both broad and deep. He has traversed all parts of it, has read widely in its earlier and later legends and in its authentic history, and seems to be at home in the original texts of the Greek and Latin authors whose paths he has occasion to cross. One may draw from his pages a vast amount of information on the vicissitudes of Calabria in the past, as well as its present condition. The book is full of descriptive passages effectively drawn, leaving definite and lasting images upon the memory. And yet with all these good points and others that might be enumerated, many a reader will peruse these chapters with a growing sense of irritation. The source of this irritation can perhaps best be indicated by quoting a paragraph from the closing page, referring to the region about Cotrone:

> This corner of Magna Graecia is a severely parsimonious manifestation of nature. Rocks and waters! But these rocks and waters are actualities; the stuff whereof man is made. A landscape so luminous, so resolutely scornful of accessories, hints at brave and simple forms of expression; it brings us to the ground, where we belong; it medicines to the disease of introspection and stimulates a capacity which we (Englishmen) are in danger of unlearning amid our morbid hyperborean gloom—the capacity for honest contempt; contempt of that scarecrow of a theory which would have us neglect what is earthly, tangible.

This might pass as unobjectionable in itself, but standing at the close of the volume it will firmly clinch for many readers the impression formed and strengthened by scores of passages that the capacity of Mr. Douglas for contempt has been stimulated, whether by Calabrian rocks and waters or otherwise, out of due proportion to his other faculties. Pythagoras is to him "a glorified marabout," whose speculative vigor adventitiously hit upon one or two good things, but whose chief occupation was to talk bland balderdash to a generation of Crotoniates who had become so highly civilized as to appreciate the charm of being regenerated and to find a new and subtle form of pleasure in repenting of their sins. And thus was introduced "that oriental introspectiveness which culminated in the idly-splendid yearnings of Plato, paved the way for the quaint Alexandrian *tutti-frutti* known as Christianity, and tainted the well-springs of honest research for two thousand years." Calabria is not a region of rapid change, and yet the reader would be glad to have more light on the chronology of the author's travels. Here and there one learns that he is dealing with a period before or after the Reggio-Messina earthquake, or some other definite event, but in general there is an annoying absence of temporal indication. A chapter on Milton in Calabria is with but slight change a reprint of an article which appeared in the *Atlantic* a few years ago, asserting a considerable indebtedness of "Paradise Lost" to the "Adamo Caduto" of Serafino della Salandra, a sacred tragedy printed at Cosenza in 1647, but so rare that its very existence could probably be plausibly disputed were it not for a copy in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Naples. The substance, at least, of another part of the book, the story of the flying monk, Joseph of Copertino, appeared a few years ago in the *North American Review*. There are about thirty inset photographic illustrations, well reproduced.

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

IMPORTANT PAPERS ON AERIAL TRANSMISSION, EVOLUTION, HEREDITY, AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

The National Academy of Sciences held its regular autumn meeting at the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, on November 15, 16, and 17. A large and varied programme of papers had been provided, mainly through the exertions of the efficient local committee, but the exigencies of time permitted the reading of only twenty-two, which were happily grouped so that the biological papers came on the second day, while those having to do with the physical sciences came on the third.

The meeting was introduced by a reception, preceded by a lecture by Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, on "The Problem of Aerial Transmission," in which the lecturer, with a happy avoidance of technicalities, and by the employment of homely and simple analogies, was able, without the use of experiment, or any but the simplest diagrams, to explain the mysteries and difficulties of wireless transmission. A feature of the lecture, in spite of its title, was the concentration of the attention on the function of the conducting earth in the case of wireless, similar to that of the wire in ordinary transmission. After sketching the history of the development of wireless, from the experiments of Joseph Henry, made in this country eighty years ago, the theoretical prediction by Clerk Maxwell of electric waves fifty-one years ago, their production by Heinrich Hertz in 1888, and their application to telegraphy nine years later by Marconi, the lecturer described the recent great achievement of telephonic transmission from Washington to Hawaii, and finally his own recently announced invention for overcoming the difficulties caused by the "static," or disturbance, due to atmospheric electricity. While Mr. Pupin did not give the details of this invention, which the German Government is extremely anxious to get for the station at Sayville, enough was said to show that it depends upon a very ingeniously devised electro-magnetic structure arranged to let through vibrations of a definite wave length, and to exclude all others. This invention, if successful, is undoubtedly an advance of the first order for wireless, and of an importance comparable with Pupin's great improvement in telephone lines.

W. E. Castle, of Harvard University, presented a paper on the fundamental question, "Is Selection or Mutation the More Important Agency in Evolution?" Evolution, like geological change, is very slow. About fifteen years ago there came a change of opinion, and a reversion to the belief in sudden changes and creation of species. According to this view, the question of natural selection was now limited to inquiring what species shall survive. The idea of sudden and spontaneous origin of species, the so-called mutation theory, has much in common with the catastrophic theories in geology and astronomy. It owes its present popularity to De Vries and Johannsen, who have attempted to show the inability of selection to produce new species. Mendelian studies on discontinuous variation show that several factors may produce continuous variation, but if these factors are constant it is possible to alter the character only in a limited degree. Professor Castle's experiments on over 16,000 black and white rats tend to show that these factors are not constant, and thus that new species can be actually produced during the experimentation. The experiments were made on inbreeding, attended by selection, beginning with piebald or hooded rats, white with black heads. The blackest rats being chosen to start a positive series, and the whitest rats to start a negative series, after seventeen generations the positive series became darker, and the negative series whiter, so that finally a race of rats was developed blacker than any of those at the start, the hooded character having disappeared altogether. The changes had come in gradually so that the selection was progressively evolved. Accordingly, selection must be restored to the position it had in Darwin's estimation.

A. E. Verrill, in a paper on "Inheritance of Clubbed Feet through Five Known Generations; Inheritance of Abnormal or Defective Thumbs through Four Known Generations," described the inheritance from a father and mother who lived to be one hundred years old of five clubfooted generations known to the author. The diagrams showed the remarkable persistence of both sorts of deformities.

E. C. MacDowell, of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, presented the results of an interesting study on "Parental Alcoholism and Mental Ability," the subjects studied being rats. These rats themselves were not alcoholic, but were descended from alcoholic parents, and compared with normal rats as to their ability to form mental habits. The habit to be learned consists of a trip around a puzzle box, breaking an electric circuit, and opening a door, and then returning and entering the box for a reward of food. The data were summarized by graphs, which, in the opinion of the present writer, showed chiefly the increased regularity as to the times required to perform the trick with increased practice, but also in some degree that alcohol was less harmful to males than to females.

A paper was presented by James B. Murphy, of the Rockefeller Institute, on the "Rôle of the Lymphocytes in Resistance to Cancer." When foreign tissue is grafted into an animal, there is during the period of absorption an accumulation of small, round cells called lymphocytes around the edge of the graft. In animals exposed to X-rays the lymphoid tissue is first affected. Thus it is possible to make experiments on the effect on animals immune to cancer of the destruction of the lymphocytes, and it is found that their removal causes complete destruction of immunity.

Graham Lusk, of Cornell Medical College,

in a paper on "The Calorimeter as an Interpreter of Life Processes," pointed out that the production of heat in an adult man is closely proportional to surface area. In only a few conditions of disease is the heat production decidedly changed. In conditions such as fever and exophthalmic goitre, there is a largely increased heat production, but, fortunately, the ingestion of food under these circumstances does not cause a greater production of heat than such food would effect in a normal man. This is true in all diseased conditions, with the striking exception of diabetes.

Herbert S. Jennings, of Johns Hopkins University, has been among those whose experiments have led them to doubt whether evolution can be observed in progress. All the more interesting was, accordingly, his paper on the question, "Can We Observe Organic Evolution in Progress?" Since experiments on biparental reproduction had led to negative results, Jennings undertook an examination of a simple case of uniparental inheritance. The subject chosen was Diffugia Corona, a small, globular animal with a shell, having spines and teeth of definite sizes, upon which the attention was concentrated. Photographs of many parents and descendants were shown, and the correlation noted. Experiments were made upon over thirty-five generations, with selection according to various characteristics. As a result, it was shown that in all cases racial differentiation is occurring, giving rise to diverse stocks. In other words, evolution is a visible fact. Thus the conclusions of Jennings and Castle confirm each other, and make this meeting notable for its contributions to evolutionary theory and experiment.

Theodore W. Richards, of Harvard University, to whom the award of the Nobel prize in chemistry has just been announced, described "Investigations Recently Conducted in the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory." This laboratory, which with the Faraday Davy Laboratory in London, the Van't Hoff Laboratory in Utrecht, and the Hoffmann Haus in Berlin, enjoys the distinction of being devoted entirely to chemical research, was due to the generous initiative of the late Dr. Morris Loeb and his brother James, and during the last three years has been generously subsidized by the Carnegie Institution. Under the direction of Professor Richards, twenty-four young men from half a dozen countries have printed twenty-four papers, and prepared still others. These are all for the common object of finding correlations among the fundamental properties of the elements. Of these the most important is the atomic weight. This has been determined for carbon, sulphur, and radioactive lead, the last giving the number 206.3, compared with 207.18 for ordinary lead. Although the ultra-violet spectrum is exactly like that of ordinary lead, and no other substance could be separated out, it is probable that there is some distinct substance in the radioactive lead, which furnishes a problem for the chemist still to solve. The question of the compressibility of the elements is one that has interested Professor Richards the most, and he has made the most accurate determinations that have been made in the case of over thirty elements. This has led him to his hypothesis of compressible atoms, and to a remarkable presentation in graphic form of parallel relations among the reciprocals of the absolute temperatures of melting points, the coefficients of expansion, the atomic volumes, and the compressibilities of the commonly solid and liquid elements. Such a table is a monument, not only for one man, but for a laboratory.

B. B. Boltwood, of Yale University, presented a paper on "The Life of Radium," meaning by that term the length of time in which a radioactive element will lose half its amount by transformation into something else. After describing the several independent ways by which Sir Ernest Rutherford had, with remarkable intuition, determined this important constant, Mr. Boltwood described his own experiments made by an original method depending upon the growth of radium from its grandparent, uranium, through its parent, ionium, discovered by Boltwood himself. The amount of ionium changing into radium can be accurately determined, and by recent improved chemical methods of purifying the material, Miss Ellen Gleditch has carried out Boltwood's method with an accuracy hitherto not obtained, arriving at the time of about 1700 years, in striking agreement with Rutherford's best value.

G. C. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, gave a further report upon his classical determinations of "The Solar Radiation and its Variability." The experiments have been made with the spectrobolometer of Langley, which measures the amount of heating of a thin strip of platinum exposed in various parts of the sun's spectrum, and by various ingenious pyrheliometers, or instruments for measuring the whole amount of heat received from the sun, devised by Abbot himself. Experiments have been made at Washington, at Mt. Wilson, Cal., at Mt. Whitney in the Rockies, and at Bassour in Algeria. In addition, pyrheliometers have now been sent up with free balloons, which have reached heights entirely inaccessible to man, so that only one-twenty-fifth of the whole amount of air remains above. It is the absorption of the radiation by the air that makes the chief difficulty of the determination. Suffice it to say that the agreement in the results obtained by the various methods and at these most diverse stations is most satisfactory, and leads to the important result that 690 observations give for the number of small calories received per square centimetre of the earth's surface per minute 1.933, a value much below that formerly held.

A. G. Webster, of Clark University, presented together three papers on "Experiments and Theory of Conical Horns; Instruments for Measurements of Sound; An Instrument for Finding the Direction of a Fog-Signal." As horns are used in so many acoustic instruments, as megaphones, phonographs, telephones, etc., and as there is at present no mathematical theory for an open horn, the author attempted a simple hypothesis, which was amply verified by experiment, and was utilized in his apparatus. The apparatus shown consisted of a standard or sound or "phone" for producing a sound of measurable intensity measured in absolute measure, that is, independent of any instrument, so that a sound might be reproduced from specification. The other instrument, the "phonometer," is for the purpose of measuring the sound at any point in space produced by a constant source of sound, also in absolute measure. By the aid of these two instruments, both of which depend on the principle of resonance, and the invention of a tunable diaphragm of extremely small damping, nearly all questions that may be asked concerning sound can be investigated. An application was shown for the purpose of determining the direction from which a sound comes, such as a fog-signal, the apparatus to be used aboard ship.

H. R. Russell, of Princeton University, presented a paper entitled "On the Albedo of the Moon and Planets," that is the fraction of the whole light falling upon a body to that reflected. Mr. Russell possesses in a high degree the faculty of using results obtained by the observations of others to reach the most illuminating conclusions, as was shown in this paper. Certain inconsistencies of various observers were reconciled by the simple observation that cracks in a surface such as that of the moon would make a great difference in the amount of light reflected vertically and in other directions. Venus being smooth and the moon rough, it is possible to account for the observed fact that the half-moon is only one-tenth as bright as the full moon, while in the case of similar phases of Venus, the fraction is one-fourth.

George F. Becker, of the U. S. Geological Survey, in a paper on "A Possible Origin for some Spiral Nebulæ," after calling attention to the fact that Laplace never used the word *gas*, of which nebulæ are generally supposed to consist, returned to the notion as old as Kant, and now in vogue, that nebulæ are formed of small solids moving about and colliding like the molecules of a gas. By a simple application of Kepler's law of areas, Mr. Becker is able to arrive at the equation of a spiral, the comparison of which with the photograph of a certain nebula gave a most striking agreement.

L. A. Bauer, of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution, read a paper on "Concomitant Changes in the Earth's Magnetism and Solar Radiation," in which he was able to show that a time of decreased solar radiation is a time when the earth is a stronger magnet, and thus studies of terrestrial magnetism confirm Abbot's studies on the variability of the sun's heat.

Edward C. Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, described "The New Draper Catalogue," whose object is to furnish the classification of the spectra of all the stars so far as they can be determined from existing photographs. In four years Miss Annie J. Cannon has classified 233,050 spectra, thus covering the whole sky. The work will fill nine quarto volumes, and will also give photometric and photographic magnitudes of all the stars on the same scale.

Fred E. Wright and J. C. Hostetter, of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, in a paper on "Experiments on the Mean Free Path of Gases; Observations on Wood's One-Dimensional Gas," showed that Wood's production of a gas in which all the molecules move parallel to a given direction was illusory, and that the phenomena are to be accounted for by the ordinary kinetic theory. Reflection of molecules of mercury from a plate of crystal did not lead to a dependence on the crystalline structure.

Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, ended the session with a paper on "Extremes of Adaptation in Carnivorous Dinosaurs, Tyrannosaurs, and Ornithomiums"—the last so-called from its resemblance to a bird—describing two of the most remarkable types of these gigantic lizards, which were mounted and specially exhibited at this session of the academy.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Drama

MISS CALHOUN'S MEMOIRS.

Pleasures and Palaces: Memoirs of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

These extracts from the memoirs of the Princess Lazarovich, more widely known as Eleanor Calhoun, constitute an exceedingly interesting, naïve, and self-revelatory book. A little extravagant at times in their girlish enthusiasm over the new and strange, they are the work of a highly accomplished and capable woman, with uncommon powers of keen and humorous observation and sound reflection. Incidentally, they excite profound regret that an American actress of such notable achievement and promise should have won her chief triumphs abroad and been lost so early to the stage. The fact that she was launched upon her public career with all the advantages conferred by powerful social support, does not detract from her personal talent, much as it may have contributed to its speedy recognition. Fortune smiled upon her from the first. The daughter of a distinguished American family, gently reared, and with a full measure of natural ability, she went to England under conditions which insured her ready admission into the choicest circles of political, literary, artistic, and social life. Her pages are occasionally suggestive of clippings from the Court Circular, and if she seems, now and again, a trifle dazzled in the more exalted regions in which she found herself, it must be set down to her credit that her shrewd comments show a sturdy fidelity to her democratic instincts and training. If her estimate of the generally benevolent and altruistic attitude of the English upper classes towards the less fortunate masses is founded upon a too limited and singularly happy experience, her remarks upon the urgent problems presented by the vivid contrasts between great wealth and cruel poverty show clear vision and unspoiled humanity.

With two American Ambassadors, Phelps and Lowell, and two such women as Lady Jeune and Lady Dorothy Nevill, as her friends and sponsors, Miss Calhoun was brought into more or less intimate contact with a vast number of celebrities. She gives interesting and tantalizing glimpses of W. G. Gladstone, A. J. Balfour, Robert Browning, Whistler, "Barry Cornwall," Edmund Gosse, Henry James, Israel Zangwill, Margot Tennant (Mrs. Asquith), Herkomer, W. T. Stead, W. Story, and hosts of titled but lesser lights. She writes with admirable but provoking discretion. Mr. Balfour, discussing John Stuart Mill, said that he feared that his teaching had not availed much. Browning told her that the one thing he could not understand was a Browning Society, and that he heard that America was full of them. He did not relish the notion of needing so many interpreters. Lord Wolseley, at Fonthill, speaking of the burning by the British of the Summer Palace at Peking and the loot of the priceless porcelains, said: "I tried to prevent the carrying off of these things, but control was impossible." Henry Irving confessed that the part of Romeo did not suit him, and that he had never been able to project his ideal of Macbeth. Boughton, the Royal Academician, told her how Whistler, after a supper party, had fallen down stairs with a tremendous crash. When picked up he asked angrily: "Who built your house?" "Cubitt," was the reply. "The damned teetotaller!" said he. When Mark Twain, clad in speckless white, was entertained at Windsor, King Edward, laughing with him, blazed with all the colors of the rainbow. A princess, greatly daring, said: "I am looking, sir, at your purple waistcoat. Your coat is a kind of—pea-green, and your—h'm—upon my word! Really! How did it happen?" The good-humored King laughingly replied that different tailors had sent him the garments at different times and he had put them on all at once, "to do them a good turn." The tale has its value. It was Joseph Chamberlain who uttered the most significant sentence. He believed, he said, that all ambition could be fulfilled by unremitting effort. Why, then, she asked, did so many fail? "They come," he said, "to the place, when they turn back. They may have killed the dragon at the first, second, or even third bridge; very few will meet the monsters to the end. Almost none is willing to meet the dragon at the last bridge. If he does, he has won for ever."

Miss Calhoun has many bright and illuminative pages on social life in Kissengen—where she had a glimpse of Bismarck—Monte Carlo, Paris, and elsewhere, well worth the reading; but it is time to revert to her theatrical career, which, in its brevity, solid accomplishment, and especially in its golden opportunities, may well be called extraordinary. It is not necessary to take at their face value all the encomiums of which she was the object, but there can be no question of her uncommon intelligence and marked histrionic capacity. These are attested by her analyses of the characters she essayed and her success in them. Her Rosalind won the cordial praise of the most competent critics, and she set the seal upon her triumph by organizing, with the potent aid of the Princess Louise and Lady Archibald Campbell, the first open-air performance of "As You Like It" ever given in England—at all events in modern times. This representation, given by carefully selected professionals and amateurs, was witnessed by one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled upon such an occasion, and was the original inspiration of all the open-air masques and pageants which since have been so popular in England and this country. Here, certainly, was a memorable achievement, and it is pleasant to record Miss Calhoun's assertion of her absolute faith in the capacity of the masses to appreciate the noblest poetic works when fitly presented. Perhaps the finest compliment to her individual acting was paid by Coquelin when he asked her to play with him in Paris. And her account of her studies in that city, preparatory to the event, the methods of instruction, system of rehearsals, the wonderful care bestowed upon intonation, artistic coöperation, etc.—with sketches of Sardou, Leconte de l'Isle, Mounet Sully, Victor Hugo, and innumerable other celebrities—is of exceeding interest and value. She acted with Coquelin in "The Taming of the Shrew," but her most ambitious essay was Hermione, in Racine's "Andromaque," at the Odéon, where she challenged comparison with Rachel and did not fail. Considering the audience, no stronger testimony to her ability could be desired. As in England, so in France, there were many elements of romance in Miss Calhoun's daily life, but it is impossible to dwell upon them here. Hers was a crowded existence.

Soon she recrossed the Channel to play Lady Macbeth at a Shakespearean Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. There, too, she achieved indisputable success with choice critical commendation. Judicious selection would have excluded the tributes of Clement Scott and Marie Corelli, but her own analysis of the character evinces full and subtle understanding. The same qualities and a glowing artistic imagination are revealed in a scheme, in which she next engaged, for a sumptuous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. With the influences at her command there is no reason to doubt that she might have brought it to realization, with memorable consequences, but fate ordained otherwise, and she abandoned her theatrical ambitions to identify herself with the life work of Prince Lazarovich, whom she married. The pages which relate to her courtship, and the arousal of her deepest sympathies with the victims of generations of Turkish tyranny in the Balkans, are by no means the least interesting in this singularly fascinating book. To many readers, unfamiliar with the ancient history of the races in those troubled regions they will show the inhabitants of Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia in an entirely new light. Especially illuminative is her animated description of the character and aspirations of the political refugees in London, into whose inner circles, totally unknown to the great world about them, she was admitted with her husband, for years their hope and champion. Those aspirations which, when she wrote, seemed to be on the brink of fruition, now hang upon the issues of the present appalling conflict. Every advocate of national freedom and moral right will pray that the legendary prophecy of the Servian seer, Mata, uttered five centuries ago, and curiously justified by past events, may find its perfect fulfilment when the prescribed period of five hundred years, now close at hand, has been completed. Few readers who take up Miss Calhoun's book will lay it aside before finishing it.

J. Ranken Towse.

"WHEN THE YOUNG VINE BLOOMS."

Emanuel Reicher's first production for the second season of The Modern Stage, Björnstjerne Björnson's "When the Young Vine Blooms," may be taken as indicating the nature of the dramas with which Mr. Reicher intends to vary the dramatic fare of New York this winter. It is assuredly a play which no Broadway producer would ever have chosen. Yet it is one of considerable literary charm, if of dramatic weakness; it serves to introduce us to the spirit of Scandinavian life, and its exotic qualities are well adapted to presentation through Herr Reicher's expert but decidedly foreign stage interpretation. The story is an elaboration of a popular Norwegian proverb—"When the young vine blooms, the old wine ferments." The old Norwegian farmer and forester, Mr. Arvik, has lived for some years upon the most cordial terms with his wife, but is in a state of virtual separation from her, as she is engrossed in business. Still a man of great vital force, he is insensibly wrought upon by the spectacle of love-making which his three daughters and their suitors present. Upon some whimsy which he himself perhaps hardly understands, he leaves home, and takes steamer for England—the same steamer on which is a young girl whom he has long befriended. He disembarks, however, at the first Norwegian stopping place, and returns to his wife, whom his absence has shocked into realization of her duties towards him; and the closing scene is an amusing one of reconciliation. This action is enriched by the vicissitudes of the minor love affairs of the daughters, and the return of a third child estranged from her husband. Together with some inane dialogue, there are several capital scenes of comedy and satire, principally reflecting upon the attitude of women towards married life; and the glimpses we have of Norwegian home economy give the whole a quaint and semi-pastoral atmosphere.

A. N.

"ABE AND MAWRUSS."

It was hardly to be expected that another play written around the two amusing characters of Mr. Glass's creation should equal the high standard of entertainment set by "Potash & Perlmutter." That piece, slight as it was, was so brightly written that it was played to the accompaniment of an almost continuous gale of laughter from the audience. In the present production, made by A. H. Woods at the Lyric Theatre, the laughter comes only in gusts. It illustrates the familiar danger of attempting to repeat a great popular success. "Abe and Mawruss," sufficiently amusing in itself, suffers by the inevitable comparison with the other play.

This time we see the two partners in the cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter at odds over the conversion of the firm into a large and over-capitalized company, The Cloak & Suit Company of North America. Mawruss, ambitious and anxious to be up to date, is all for the change; Abe, conservative and fundamentally honest, is unable to put his finger precisely on the weak spot in the proposed enterprise, but is convinced that the business that gives the partners a modest income is not worth the million dollars at which it is proposed to capitalize it. When he learns that Mr. B. Gans, who is promoting the company, is to receive $50,000 a year as president, the weak spot is revealed to him, and the break in partnership between Potash and Perlmutter, threatened several times a day during twenty years, at last is accomplished. The new corporation, of course, comes to grief; the great B. Gans is a rascal, and Mawruss is only saved from jail by the intervention of his ex-partner. In the last act we find Abe and Mawruss reconciled and starting life again in a humble way, but extremely content.

In the story, as told by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue, there are many amusing incidents and some good dialogue, but it is only occasionally that the lines are as effective as they were in "Potash & Perlmutter." Barney Bernard, as Abe, makes the most of his opportunities, but he is not so fortunate in his partner as he was in the former production. The Morris Perlmutter of Julius Tannen in the present play is not to be compared with the performance given by Alexander Carr in "Potash & Perlmutter." Miss Louise Dresser is better cast than last time, as Ruth Perlmutter. Marks Pasinsky, the irrepressible salesman, reappears with the same amusing interpreter, Lee Kohlmar, and Leo Donelly is an excellent Mozart Rabiner.

S. W.

Even the best translation needs some apology; for a poor translation there is no possible excuse. It is difficult to judge von Hoffmannsthal's "Death and the Fool" through the medium of Elizabeth Walter's verse (Badger; 75 cents). The play is, at the best, a youthful effort, a fairly obvious presentation of a symbolic idea. It lacks dramatic power and must have depended in large measure, one feels, on its poetic merit for the twelve editions attributed to it in the introduction. No reader of von Hoffmannsthal's maturer work will dispute his poetic power. In the translator's preface to this little volume we are told that "he weaves symbolic dreams, unutterably rich in color and melody." They seem, indeed, unutterable to the translator, for instead of "the perfection of rhymes," "the phrases . . . pregnant with meaning and of piercing sweetness," we get lines like

> With jealous pangs my yearning soul regards
> The fortunate who golden fields have planted,
> The earth their weary, fulsome toil rewards,
> Them happy weariness of limb is granted.

This is not a single blunder chosen with malice. The pages abound with such lines as,

> It rouses thoughts round good things cent'ring,

or

> What meaningfulness all things then acquired.

Indeed, the verse is so glaringly bad it is only by a distinct effort one can focus one's attention on the play itself. One Claudio, an intellectual and self-conscious Tomlinson, is discovered at his study window, brooding over the fact that, for all his sophistication, he has been a mere spectator at life's show. To him comes Death with the inevitable message, and, upon Claudio's plea that he has never really lived, Death summons his lost opportunities to prove that he himself and not life has been to blame. The mother to whom he was indifferent, the woman he threw aside, the friend he betrayed, appear in succession to tell their story of unappreciated love, and Claudio, moved at last by emotion, sinks to the ground, exclaiming that in this, the hour of his death, he has for the first time lived. There is no attempt at suspense, characterization, or any of the usual tools of modern drama. The story is told with the simple mechanism of the old morality and the imaginative atmosphere, the symbolic suggestion, necessary to make the idea effective.

Music

THE MUSICAL MESSIAH—OR SATAN?

Is Arnold Schönberg the musical Satan, or is he the Messiah of modern music? He has been called both. Fritz Kreisler is reported to have said: "What I have heard of his is not music to me; that is, it has no relation to what I consider music to be." Leopold Godowski, who has done some bold things himself, declared that "If you were to sit on the keyboard you would produce as much harmony as his music possesses." The critics, with a few exceptions, have generally condemned his music. On the other hand, Percy Grainger is much interested in Schönberg, and so is his former teacher, Busoni, who helped Schönberg to secure a publisher for his works; while the late Gustav Mahler stipulated in his last will that the stipend for needy musicians which bears his name should be first given to this iconoclastic composer as the one most deserving of it.

Last year the Flonzaley Quartet played his quartet in D minor in New York; but, as this is only his opus 7, it did not represent his later tendencies fully. None of his orchestral works was heard here till last week, when two of them were produced—the "Kammersymphonie" at the Ritz-Carlton by musicians chosen from the Philadelphia Orchestra, under its conductor, Leopold Stokowsky; and the "Pelléas et Mélisande" in Carnegie Hall, by the New York Philharmonic, under Josef Stransky. The latter does not represent this composer at his worst—or best, as his admirers call it—the "Pelléas" being, indeed, an earlier work even than the quartet played by the Flonzaleys. There are some agonizing dissonantal outbursts in it, but much of it is in the style of ordinary music, or else that of Richard Strauss. The work lasts nearly forty minutes and is fearfully boresome, because of the poverty of invention, which makes one suspect that it may have been composed in collaboration with Max Reger—for surely one man alone—as an Irishman might say—could not have such a plentiful lack of ideas! The Philharmonic played it superbly, but it was not worth playing; neither was the "Kammersymphonie," which bears a somewhat later date and sounds already like Schönberg's most "mature" works; that is, as if all the players were improvising, regardless of the others, and each one trying to play the wrongest notes he could think of. The audiences, both at the Ritz-Carlton and in Carnegie Hall, applauded at the end—but that may have been for the splendid performances of the difficult pieces.

It is of interest to recall what happened in Boston last year, when Dr. Muck, yielding to newspaper pressure, unwillingly conducted Schönberg's "Five Little Pieces." According to the Harvard *Musical Review*, the work "was received partly with giggles and partly in dignified silence. After the first piece, which is, to be sure, a rather stiff problem, there were at least ten seconds of

bewilderment, and then a thin scattering of applause. There was endless discussion in the lobbies. Is Schönberg a real composer, or a decomposer, or just a poser? The critics violently took sides. The *Globe* spoke of 'nerve-racking caterwaulings,' and the *Transcript* went into ecstasies about 'whirling, warring, wailing wraiths." It was the *Transcript* that had bullied Dr. Muck into producing this "futuristic" work.

It is not likely that the extreme Schönberg (of whose latest works even Richard Strauss is reported to have said that he "could not make head or tail of them"—which reminds one of Hegel's remark on his death-bed: "Only one man has understood me—and even he hasn't") will soon trouble American waters. Representatives of what Fritz Kreisler and the rest of us have heretofore regarded as music, are too numerous to be easily routed by this representative of German musical frightfulness. The nearest thing to his music to be heard in the metropolis last week was Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," which, however, as is well known, is not nearly so extreme as his "Elektra" in its deliberate avoidance of musical euphony and beauty. This opera was under the direction of Arthur Bodanzky, the successor of Alfred Hertz at the Metropolitan; and it must be admitted that, in this score, he improved on his predecessor, who had always laid on it a somewhat too heavy hand. Mr. Bodanzky made his début with "Götterdämmerung," and though quite a young man, proved himself an experienced, authoritative conductor. Two points, especially, are to be noted in his favor: he kept the orchestra subdued, as Wagner wished it to be, so that the singers could properly assert themselves; and he mercifully made some cuts, all of which, however, were not judicious. He is said to have followed Hans Richter's example, but if he can yet get access to Anton Seidl's scores, he will find them better models to follow. Seidl had a genius for making Wagner's operas more compact without sacrificing essentials. A new Italian conductor also made his appearance last week in Puccini's "La Bohême" and Verdi's "Aïda." He had good control of his forces, but did not give any new readings or revelations of hidden beauties in these scores.

Pianists were again to the fore last week—five of them: Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Ernest Schelling, John Powell, Percy Grainger, and Harold Bauer. It is worthy of note that the three first-named are Americans. The late Theodor Leschetizky called Miss Bloomfield his "electric wonder," and to-day she can, if in the mood for it, still electrify her audience, as she did particularly with Chopin's sonata, opus 58. Ernest Schelling's Chopin-playing was also much relished, as were two Spanish dances and a military march by Granados, "the Spanish Chopin," whom Mr. Schelling discovered, so far as America is concerned. Mr. Grainger delighted the audience at Damrosch's Concert for Young People by playing Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy," while John Powell gave a splendidly virile as well as poetic performance of MacDowell's second piano concerto, at the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert. Harold Bauer did not play alone, but with Pablo Casals. The joint recitals of these two artists were among last year's sensations (five of them were given in New York alone), and they are likely to prove no less attractive this season, despite the superabundance of entertainments. HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

BAD MOMENTS OF A WAR.

To the advance of the Austro-German army into Servia, the declaration of Bulgaria on the Teutonic side, the crafty struggle of the Greek King to checkmate the Parliamentary majority and keep Greece from living up to her treaty and joining Servia, the pursuit of the outnumbered Servians while the belated Allied armies were fighting in the south—to all these events, the world's financial markets have given no response whatever. No Stock Exchange has passed judgment on the ultimate meaning of this chapter of diplomatic and military events. Money has risen at London, but that was an outcome of the deliberate tactics of the Bank of England. The foreign exchanges might possibly have been expected to reflect the news; but rates at New York have moved sharply in favor of London and against Berlin.

The question is still left open, whether or not the markets believe the Balkan news to foreshadow a desperate situation for the Allies, or whether, if they did, they would not give some tangible and violent response. On general principles and in the light of experience, it is not unreasonable to interpret their present attitude as meaning that they do not so regard it. They may infer a longer duration to the war than had been hoped for; yet even for that, it is hard to find tangible evidence in the markets.

But financial markets have acted in this way before, at bad moments of other great wars. Even with to-day's full knowledge of the political and military sequel to those older episodes, it is not possible to say whether the apathy of the markets was due to peculiar conditions in the financial machinery of the day, or to a far-reaching view which inspired belief, in the subconscious mind of finance, that what people then described as an appalling and hopeless situation was merely an episode. Nothing in the present situation of the Allies approaches in sinister foreboding the circumstances with which the United States Government was confronted during 1862. In June, McClellan had been driven out of the Peninsula by Lee; in August, Pope had been disastrously beaten by Jackson. The Union troops were outmanœuvred, their generals outclassed by the enemy. In September, Lee invaded Maryland. The Northern Government changed its commanding general, and Burnside sustained the overwhelming defeat of Fredericksburg. Generals were changed again, and Hooker was beaten at Chancellorsville. Not until Gettysburg, thirteen months after the series of disasters began, did the Union's fortunes change.

During the six months in which this succession of Union disasters occurred, Europe was on the verge of intervention; the Alabama had been equipped for the Confederates in England; Gladstone had made the speech (which he preferred to forget in later years), declaring that "we may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States," and our Minister at London, warning the British Foreign Secretary of the consequences, if he allowed another ironclad to be delivered to the South, had remarked, "it would be superfluous to point out to your Lordship that this is war."

Yet Northern markets gave the slightest response to this formidable situation. If the stock market broke, it recovered again. Cotton, which ought to have declined on evidence of the Confederacy's success, went up from 38 to 72 cents a pound between McClellan's retreat from the Chickahominy and the Battle of Chancellorsville. The price of gold, it is true, rose from 110 to 154; but a high price of gold should naturally have reflected expectation, not of early peace on the basis of final Southern victory, but of a long and exhausting war.

England has had her own experience of the sort. On top of Bonaparte's great victories of 1805 and 1806, and Russia's desertion of the English alliance in 1807, the campaigns of 1809 witnessed the crushing of England's remaining ally, Austria, and the experience of an English expeditionary army, sent to protect the Spanish people against the French invaders, being beaten, driven to its ships, and forced to sea again. The present case of the Allies is a cheerful situation compared with that of England in 1809. Yet British consols did not in all that year go so low as in 1805 or 1806 or 1807, and they were higher in November, after the surrender of Austria to France, than they were in January.

No doubt the suspension of gold payments, in the United States of 1862 and in the England of 1809, had something to do with imparting an artificial stimulus to financial values. The emergency credit devices and the Stock Exchange restrictions may be having the same effect on the European markets to-day. Yet the fact is not without interest that the markets of 1862 and 1809, in refusing to break violently on the formidable war news, must at least be said to have judged the final outcome more correctly than the newspapers and the public sentiment of the day.

This certainly does not prove that financial apathy means financial confidence, or that the markets are indifferent to the Balkan news. But it is possible that the markets of those two earlier years recognized a familiar tradition, fulfilled in nearly all wars in which English-speaking nations have engaged, that such a belligerent begins a war

with blunders, is over-confident and dilatory, and has to take the consequences; that it becomes really dangerous only after everything has gone wrong, and that it achieves its great results after its people have passed through and out of the period of hopeless despondency.

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Hecker, J. F. Russian Sociology. Columbia University Studies. Vol. LXVII. No. 1. Longmans, Green.
Lippmann, W. The Stakes of Diplomacy. $1.25 net.

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Arkwright, F. Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Volume III—When Madame de Maintenon Was Queen. Volume IV—War and Court Gossip. Brentanos. $3 net each.
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Seymour, C. Electoral Reform in England and Wales. (Yale Historical Publications, Vol. III). Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
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TRAVEL.

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McLeod, I. R. Songs to Save a Soul. Huebsch. $1 net.
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